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BUFFALO'S HIDEOUS HOLOCAUST.

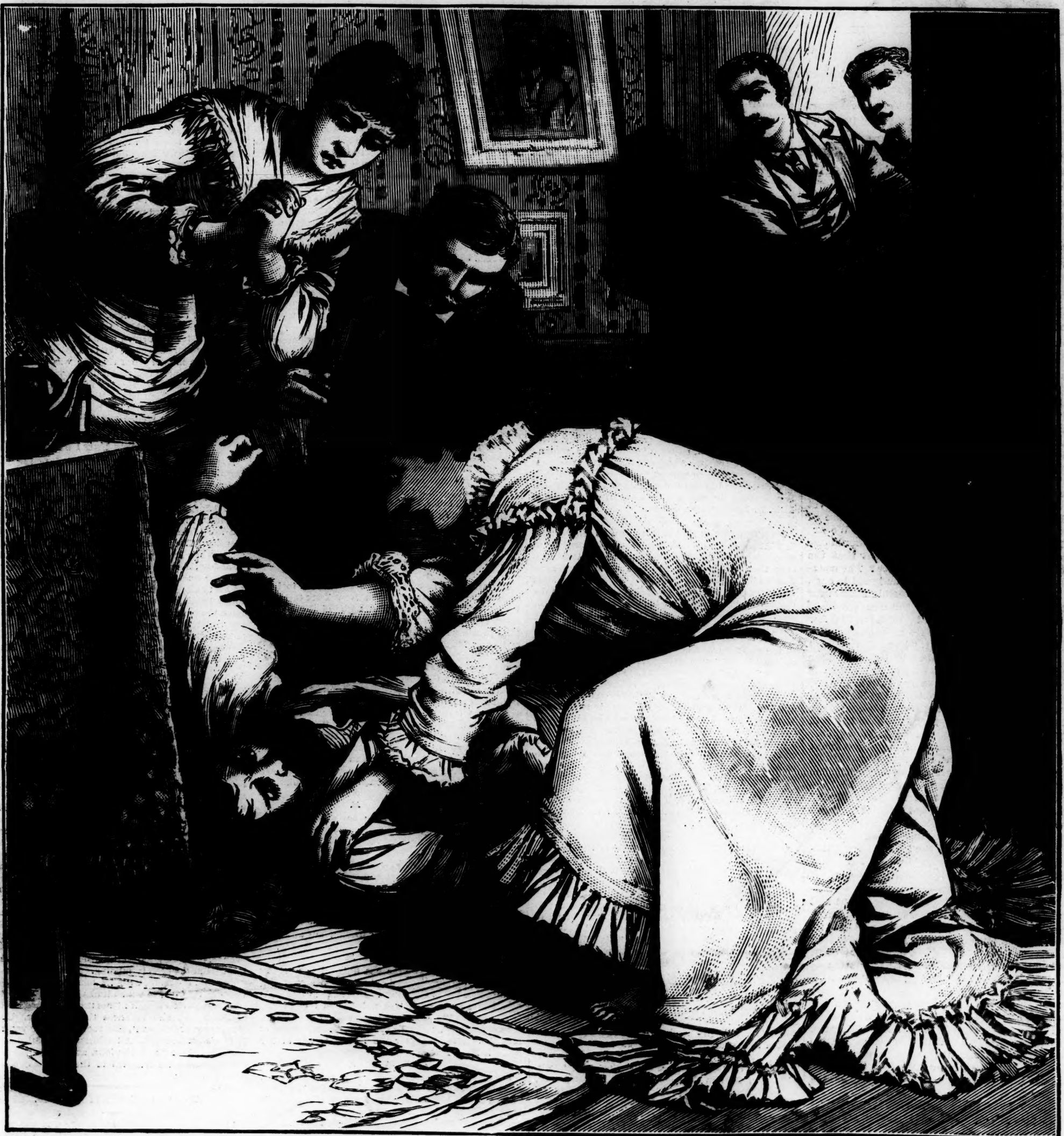
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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A WIFE'S WOEFUL DISCOVERY.

MRS. LYMAN S. WEEKS OF BROOKLYN HEARS A PISTOL-SHOT AFTER MIDNIGHT AND FINDS THE BODY OF HER MURDERED HUSBAND DOWNSTAIRS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887.

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THE BUFFALO HORROR.

The year 1887 will surely go down to history
as one peculiar in great disasters. The horrors
of the accident on the Central Vermont railroad
had scarcely ceased to thrill the public when
came the terrible one right in the midst of our
own community at Rosindale. Western Vir-
ginia contributed its share of calamity by the
crashing of a bridge, from which an engine
was hurled to the ravine below, with loss of life
again.

And now Buffalo, N. Y., contributes one of the
most hideous of the number of catastrophes
which have already made 1887 so notable.

Milwaukee and St. Louis have each had expe-
rience in the matter of burning hotels. Who
that recalls to mind the details of the fire in the
hotel of the former city can fail to notice the
similarity in the account. Here is a suggestive
passage in the report that comes of the latest
horror at Buffalo:

"The whole place burned like a tinder box;
the corridor in the center of the building acted
as a great funnel, and as the flames streamed
up the guests found themselves imprisoned by
a wall of fire." And then follows the horrible
details of the cries for help which could not
come, and the ghastly record of twenty-five
charred corpses, with the hospital lists of in-
jured and dying.

It is painful to read of these things, and yet
their very frequency seems to dull the sense of
anguish at such a terrible calamity. We are
simply getting used to them. Why should one
be astonished at the announcement that the
whole structure burned like tinder? The coun-
try is full of such tinder boxes, designed in such
a manner as to afford every possible chance for
fire to climb elevators, rush through corridors
and passages, and be in full possession in a few
minutes after it has made its appearance.

Milwaukee contributes its hotel horror, and
for a brief space care is taken to avoid a similar
calamity. But time goes on and the lesson is
forgotten, and men, women and children crowd
into a building which, like the Hotel Richmond
at Buffalo, becomes a death-trap, because the
experience of former years has been ignored,
and the laws of common sense set at defiance.

And so, the hopelessness of any permanent
reform being apparent, it is evident that little
can be done but to express sympathy with the
sufferers and jog along contented that "light-
ning never strikes twice in the same place,"
and that "by good luck, if not by good manage-
ment," the majority of hotels will be safe abid-
ing places, the larger number of railroad
bridges are still safe and the loss of life by vi-
olence or so-called "accident" bears but a small
proportion to the traveling public.

THE NEW YORK SUN is performing an out and
out astronomical miracle. It rises night and
morning. The morning SUN gets up when its
office cat is slinking home, and the evening
SUN chases away the shadows of the afternoon
and adds to the intelligence and happiness of
the human race. The evening issue began with
great appropriateness (as far as its name goes)
on St. Patrick's Day, and went off like hot
cakes. Nearly fifty thousand copies were sold,
and the success of the new enterprise
was assured. The editor of the *Evening Sun*
is Amos J. Cummings, who, in addition to
being the cleverest living American journalist,
is incidentally a member of Congress and a
worker from Workersville. We congratulate
Editor Cummings, we congratulate Editor
Dana and we congratulate Business Manager
Lafau, who is as full of pluck as he is of enter-
prise, and who can draw pen and inks and a
new million readers with equal facility; and
more than that, we are willing to bet a brace of
canvass-backs that in less than a year the *Even-
ing Sun* will be printing over a hundred thou-
sand copies a day.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

A slight fire occurred in Mrs. Langtry's residence at
301 West Twenty third street on Sunday night week
ago in the music room. A vase of dry spreading leaves
and long grasses stood near a gas jet. While a servant
was lighting the gas the flame touched the dry grasses
and the vase became a bush of fire. It darted out to
the drapery on the silk-covered wall, and for ten
minutes there was plenty to do in smothering the con-
flagration with rugs from the hall. A skin of a mon-
ster tiger on the floor was charred, the tail of a cinnam-
on bear was eaten away and the polished wood floor
was blackened. Pictures of Gladstone, the King of
Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Wales, each
bearing an autograph were charred. Mrs. Langtry
had just finished dining with some friends and was
much disturbed at the confusion and the loss. The
damage will be hundreds of dollars on articles of in-
trinsic value, and cannot be estimated on the things
whose chief worth was in circumstance and associ-
ation.

Mr. Harry Jackson isn't much, but up to the time
of writing he is all that dramatic society has for the
week's resume of infidelity and refined gossip. Mr.
Jackson is an actor, that in itself is against him, but
Mrs. Jackson says he is also naughty. He has been
married since 1879, and Mrs. Jackson is so pretty a wo-
man that if she was not Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Jackson
would want her. Miss Florence Western, whose name
was much mixed up not long ago, and Miss Carrie
Williams, who is said to impersonate Mrs. Jackson in
the absence of the original, are neither of them as
good looking, yet they do say that Mr. Jackson pre-
ferred them to the woman whom he had sworn to love
and honor. It is a very old story—the wife, who is an
actress, was engaged in her profession touring the
country. The husband, lonely and repining, sought
Carrie for friendship and advice, and she became so
much of a companion that they lived together. Mrs.
Jackson heard of the arrangement, confirmed the scan-
dal, and Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court, told
her, legally, that she need not be Mrs. Jackson any
longer. She quit. It isn't a very big bubble on a sur-
face that reeks with adultery and crime, but yet dra-
matic society welcomes it in the absence of something
more revolting in detail.

It has been formally announced that the present
organization known as the Boston Ideal Opera Com-
pany will disband at the close of the present season,
and that two companies will be the result of the split.
Mr. W. H. Foster will continue in control of one, and
Messrs. Tom Karl, W. H. MacDonald, H. C. Barnabee,
with Miss Marie Stone, will be at the head of the
other. Mr. Foster is the sole proprietor of the old
name and will use it. The very, very old members who
leave him are sorely pushed for a new title to their
aggregation, and in a spirit of kindness and veneration
Mr. Eugene Field, of the Chicago News, offers for
their consideration the following apt titles: The Mas-
sachusetts Historical Society (limited); the Home for
the Aged and Infirm Opera Company; the Olde
Folkes Concert Company; the Boston Antique Opera
Company; Foster's Reliques of the Old Yankee Song;
the Old Chestnuts in New Burns; the Anti Foster
Opera Company; Barnabee's Bouquet; the Obelisk
Opera Company; the Bunker Hill Benevolent and
Protective Opera Company; the Boston Ideals and
Ober's Original Own Opera Organization. Mr. Field
has long been a fond patron of opera and a staunch
friend to the Ideals. As a journalist of research, he is
one of the celebrated men of this country, and it is
said that from him came the first authentic informa-
tion relative to the correct musical proportions of
Mlle. De Lussan's extremities.

Poor Tracy Titus, who died at the Villa Madre, near
Los Angeles, on the fifth instant, was apparently so
much benefited by the climate of Lower California
that there really seemed to be reason to entertain
hope of his permanent recovery. About the middle
of February he was well enough to spend most of the
day out of doors, and used to play pool in the even-
ings. He said it seemed strange that he had nothing
to do but amuse himself after being "on the road" for
upward of twenty years, and he constantly woke up
in the morning wondering whether his baggage was
checked for the "next town." A short time before he
finally "handed in his checks" the poor fellow bought
a broncho, on which animal he rode every day. He
used to say it was nip and tuck between the broncho
and himself which should cut the other in two. Tracy
was so attenuated that when he stood with his back to
the light one could almost see through him, and the
angularity of the broncho species of equine is notori-
ous. I fancy the exercise was too severe for his en-
feebled frame, but it seemed to do him good. The im-
provement, however, was the last flicker of the
expiring candle, and he passed away peacefully
enough. Tracy was one of the best-natured men in
the profession and had a multitude of friends who si-
cerely regret his death.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the former head of the Russian
Secret Police, has written a blood curdling drama,
which is to be produced after Easter in St. Petersburg.
It is called "The Power of Darkness; or, The Bird
With Trimmed Claws is Lost." Count Tolstoi must be
a person of singularly sanguinary imagination, and
can outdo Zola in nastiness. The story of "The
Power of Darkness" is that of a woman who poisons
her husband, a well-to-do peasant who is afflicted with
cancer, that she may be able to marry one of her
farm laborers with whom she has fallen in love. This
man's mother supplies the potion for carrying out the
scheme, but her son is ignorant of the plot and mar-
ries the murderer. When he learns the facts he is
naturally disgusted, takes to drink, and becomes de-
cidedly brutal. He discards his wife and makes her
young idiot daughter his mistress. This gives a faint
idea of the repulsiveness of the play.

The long contested will case, in which the family
history of Charles Rawson, the dead sporting man,
was thoroughly ventilated, has been brought to an
end, and the elder sister, Mrs. Fannie Wheeler, has
inherited the larger part of the property in question.
Mrs. Wheeler, when Victorienne Du Bois, or some-
thing equally sweet in sound, was a ballet dancer, and
after a wandering stage life, interspersed by two pre-
carious marriages, settled down with her mother in
New Jersey. She is now "resting" and "well fixed."
Managers in search of a star and a little money to
start out with, are informed that Mrs. Wheeler has
\$12,000 and many a play has been written around less.

Sarah Bernhardt's sojourn in tropical climates
seems to have resulted in a more than ordinary desire
for an abundant supply of caloric. The other evening,
although the auditorium at the Star theatre was
densely crowded and the temperature was very high,
the actress insisted that she was chilled to the bone—
it doesn't take the cold long to get to Sarah's bones—
and could not possibly play unless there was more
heat on the stage. Consequently the engineer was
ordered to make all the steam possible, and the the-
atre speedily became like the interior of the burning
furnace into which King Nebuchadnezzar ordered the
recalcitrant Jews to be cast. Two ladies fainted
outright in the audience, and everybody else was in a
dem'd uncomfortable condition. But Mme. Sarah
was satisfied, and manifestly her personal comfort was
the principal consideration.

Ben Teal has been engaged by Billy Hayden to di-
rect the production of a new melodrama called "The
Still Alarm," written by A. C. Wheeler, which will be
produced at Niblo's Garden after the engagement of
Lawrence Barrett in May. The piece has nothing to
do with whisky or moonlighters, as might be inferred
from its name, but is described as being "purely
local," with a fire scene in it, during which a steamer
will be driven at the usual speed across the stage.

Tony Pastor has at last bagged the rascal who has
for some time given him no end of trouble in re-
presenting himself to be Mr. Pastor's business manager,
Harry Sanderson. The man's name is Walter Gray
and he hails from 621 Vanhook street, Chicago. How
any one could mistake this Gray for handsome and
genial Harry is about as difficult for me to understand
as it is why out-of-town managers, usually bright
and intelligent men, should be taken in when Mr. Pastor
has taken the trouble to publish a caution against this
fraud.

Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake visited the
Forrest Home at Holmesburg recently and generally
spent an interesting time looking over historical
relics. Mme. Michaels presented Miss Eastlake with
a train of stage diamonds, and the superintendent was
very enthusiastic over the visit and went so far as to
notice that, while artists such as Modjeska, Eastlake,
and Wilson Barrett, etc., took the trouble to visit the
home, the notable American artists never went near
it and showed no interest about it.

It is too bad that such an extremely clever and tal-
ented soubrette as Mlle. Frankie Kemble undoubtedly
is, should be so handicapped by unsuitable plays.
Her talents are of the highest order. She is bright,
vivacious and ambitious, and when she has a good
play, she will achieve the success that she deserves so
fully.

Mr. and Mrs. Nell Burgess and Mr. and Mrs. George
Stoddard have taken apartments in Thirteenth street.
Recently an attempt was made to burn Mr. Burgess'
country seat in the Navesink Highlands. The family
were absent, but one of the people in charge happened
to get up in the middle of the night and discovered
that the hen-house adjoining the barn was on fire. A
strong wind was blowing, and a few minutes later, but
for the fortunate discovery, a disastrous conflagration,
including many fine residences, would have resulted.
Old clothes saturated with kerosene had been thrown
into the hen-house and fired.

Melbourne McDowell, who looks so superb in his uni-
form of the Surgeon-General in *Held for the Enemy*,
was with Fanny Davenport in *Fedora* for a number
of years. He has a magnificent physique and an ele-
gant stage appearance. It is said he can lift five chairs,
piled on each other, off the floor with his right or left
arm, and can easily "muscle" three chairs. He is
built from the ground up, and is as solid as a keg of
nails. It is said that the champion lifter of East St.
Louis will challenge Melbourne McDowell, the heavy
lifter of *Held for the Enemy*.

The eccentric Bernhardt does not appear to have
been happy since her advent in New York (this time).
It seems that on the very first night of the engage-
ment the furniture to be used in "*Fedora*" was far
from pleasing her. Each one of the parties concerned
endeavored to put the blame on the other, though it
really belonged to Bernhardt's stage manager. He
did not give a list of what he desired to decorate the
stage with until the very last moment and the result
was the rather impoverished setting of scenes. Mme.
Bernhardt insisted upon seeing Mr. Moss, the man-
ager of the theatre, who listened plegmatically for
about fifteen minutes to a tirade from the lips of the
divine Sarah and then told her in English that he
hadn't understood a word she was saying. This suf-
ficed to make her a living fury, and unfortunately just
at this moment Mr. Maurice Grau, who is her own
manager and who is a thorough French scholar, ar-
rived upon the stage.

In an instant he had realized what was happening,
and much preferring that Mr. Moss should continue to
receive the onslaught, endeavored to pass out without
being seen. But the quick eye of the furious woman
caught his retreating form, and it is recorded as a
sacred fact that for the next half hour the somewhat
villified air of the Star theatre stage became positively
sulphurous, while the unrelenting Grau continued to
receive a verbal chastisement which the people of the
company say was even more acute than the drubbing
Mme. Bernhardt had given her leading lady and rival
in Rio Janeiro some months ago.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has finished her studies
for the dramatic stage, and only requires a manager
to introduce her to the public. It is none of our busi-
ness, but to a man up a tree it looks as though Mr.
James Brown Potter would act the part of a wise man
if he should take upon himself the management of
Mrs. James Brown Potter and introduce her to her
home in New York.

The ghost-like Sara Bernhardt is a generous liver.
She has coffee and rolls before rising, and at 11 o'clock
takes a hearty breakfast, with claret. She dines well
at 5 o'clock and has a supper after hours, usually
nothing more than bouillion, cold meats and fruit.

The late John Brougham, a sterling actor and
author, has been credited with the origin of many
successful pieces. It is now reported that "Ruddy-
gore" is partly based on a burlesque called the "Blood
Red Mark," which Brougham produced some twenty-
five years ago.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

A Mysterious Crime.

We illustrate on another page the mysterious attack
with a sand bag made on Miss Ernestine Smith, of
West Sixty-ninth street.

Making a Naval Cadet Drink Ink.

A court martial at the Naval Academy, Annapolis,
is investigating charges of hazing preferred by Naval
Cadet John B. Edie, fourth class man, against Chas.
W. Potter of the third class. The court, through the
Judge Advocate, Lieut. Miles, expects to prove that
Potter entered Edie's room, and, throwing him on the
floor, compelled him to drink ink. Edie was ap-
pointed by President Cleveland last May.

Aesthetic Young Boston Ladies.

Among those who visited the scene of the recent ac-
cident near Boston were three young ladies who had
in some manner avoided the vigilance of the police
and thereby secured three large boards from the side
of a car, which they intended to decorate their homes
with as bric-a-brac made out of a portion of the wreck.
Everybody who visited the scene carried away a por-
tion of the wreckage as mementos, while many ludic-
rous incidents occurred.

The Canadian Style.

A Toronto shoplifter was recently captured in
Montreal, and she panned out remarkably well. In a
pocket three feet long was an assortment of spoons,
thread, lace and other valuables. Her outfit was
formed of two bed sheets, a lady's beautiful hat and
a colored glass box. Her trunks contained bed clothes,
all kinds of wearing apparel, brushes, combs, over
1,000 rolls of thread, a large bag of needles, pins, etc.,
50 pounds of soap, matches, fancy cards, glassware,
table goods, feathers, bottles and jars of preserves.

A Cow in an Auction Room.

About 6 o'clock the other evening, while a boy was
driving a cow along the crowded street in the neigh-
borhood of Tenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, the
animal became frightened at the passing vehicles and
sought refuge in the auction store of Ellis & Shaw,
where she roamed around amid pianos, furniture,
china, etc., in a manner quite reckless of consequences.
Upon seeing her portly figure reflected in numerous
mirrors, she became pacified by the apparent com-
placency thus established, and with some coaxing was
finally persuaded to take her departure, amid the
cheers of the crowd who had congregated to witness
the scene.

Sisters With the Same Man for Husband.

On Monday week Leroy Henry of Ruby, Mich., was
married to Annie Harris in the presence of a Justice
and a woman who said she was Annie's sister. Sub-
sequently it was learned that all three were living to-
gether, and there was talk of using the reformatory
powers of tar and feathers. The other night, how-
ever, there was trouble in the household itself, and
Annie's sister was driven from the house. Next day
the newly-married couple left for Utah and the woman
left behind showed proof that she was Henry's legal
wife, having been married to him several years. She
said she consented to Henry's marriage with her sis-
ter because all three had fallen under the influence
of a Mormon elder who had been preaching in Ruby.
She believes that Henry and her sister will go to Salt
Lake City.

A Prisoner's Fatal Jump.

Nathan Falk, a traveling salesman, was the morn-
ing of March 14 arraigned before Justice Sales, at
Denver, Col., charged with the larceny of 3,000 cigars,
and was held in a bond of \$500 to appear before the
Grand Jury. After the decision was pronounced the
prisoner, in company with Constable Levy, started
for the Chamber of Commerce Library to procure
security. The pair ascended the stairway to the third
story, when Falk turned around suddenly and said:
"Good-by, Levy," and then threw himself over the
banister and fell to the basement floor, 70 feet below.
In his terrible flight he struck the balustrades on the
lower landings, from which he was thrown head first
upon the stair post in the basement. His scalp was
completely torn from the left side of his head, and his
skull fractured so that a portion of the brain protruded.
Besides this, no bones were broken, but he is injured
internally and cannot recover.

A Horrible Vision.

Edward Unger, who was sent to Sing Sing for life
a month ago for the murder of August Bohle, is now
in the hospital of the prison, a sufferer from nervous
prostration, and almost a maniac. He killed his room
mate, cut him up, and sent him away in a trunk. His
physical strength before his trial was great, and his
steadiness of nerve in court was surprising; but his
stamina is all gone, and he has become a miserable,
cowering wreck. On his first morning in prison he
told a keeper that he had been visited during the night
by his dismembered victim, who had proceeded to
reconstruct himself in the terrified victim's presence.
Of this delusion he could not be disabused. He firmly
believed it was reality. Every night it came to him,
and at the end of a week the superstitious convict
was delirious. In the hospital it has been the same
with him, except when he is kept under narcotic in-
fluence. Every night he has seen mangled pieces of
his friend strewn about the room, where they lie
awhile inanimately, as they did before he packed them
in the trunk and threw the head into the river. Then
the fragments begin to quiver. Soon they move
slowly toward each other until they are in a ghastly
heap. Next, they adjust themselves into a human
form. But the head is missing. At length that too
comes into the room, with its hair dripping with the
water of the river in which it has lain. With a hor-
rible smile on its face, it places itself on the shoulders
of the figure, and menaces the murderer. Unger
screams out at this point, and the apparition vanishes
from his imagination. All efforts have failed to re-
trieve him of these awful visions, and the prison phy-
sician advises his removal to the State asylum for
lunatic criminals.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the
present day are contested under the "Police Gazette"
rules which have been pronounced the only rules
under which a match can be squarely fought to the
satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be
obtained free on application to Richard K. Fox,
Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square,
New York.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Bishop's Story.

Mrs. Washington Irving Bishop, nee Miss Mack, and intermediately Mrs. Loud, the wife of the mind reader, is at the home of her mother, No. 92 White street, East Boston. She tells a pathetic story of why she went home. When Mr. Bishop, first fresh from his European triumphs, went to Boston they were married. She says he told her that she was his first and only love.

"Wash said I was one of the best subjects he ever had," said she to a correspondent, "as he could do what he wished with me. I had to consent when he asked me to marry him."

After a month Mr. Bishop began his New England tour and she, as she alleges being left alone, began to call on and receive calls from some of her new acquaintances. Then she says she learned that Bishop had been married before and that the love he bore her was simply warmed-over affection, which had been bestowed on another, now the wife of one of Boston's theatrical managers. When she accused him of deception he laughingly told her that she should not complain, as she too had been married before. She pressed him and he would not deny or affirm the charge of a former marriage.

Then after they went to New York she says she learned that he had a daughter nearly sixteen years of age.

Then she learned of his physical condition and she determined to flee to the far West. She got as far as Detroit, when her money and her resolution gave out. Here she spent a small fortune in telegrams and finally her mother sent her money to return to Boston. She reached there last week. Since this she has been busy looking up the record of her husband at the office of the City Register, where there is a record of the marriage intentions of Mr. Bishop and Miss Mack. In this Mr. Bishop gives his age and occupation, and says the marriage which he contemplated was his first and up to that date his only one. Miss Mack on the contrary asserts that she had been married once before and divorced. These records placed against the assertion made by Mr. Bishop in which he says he intends to get a divorce and marry his first wife, seem to indicate that mind-readers do not always read themselves. She has also hunted up the child of Mr. Bishop, and says she has established a full chain of evidence enough to obtain a divorce.

HE WAS LIKE A CYCLONE.

Francis Joseph Johnson Turns Himself Loose in a Fashionable Brooklyn Boarding-House.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When Mrs. Gloucester died, a few years ago in Brooklyn, with the undisputed reputation of being the wealthiest colored woman in America, her daughters, Miss Adelaide and Miss Louise Gloucester, continued to run the fashionable boarding house known as the Remsen House, at 144 Remsen street, which their mother started, and in which she died. Since Mrs. Gloucester's death the dimensions of the house have been contracted, the Hamilton Club having purchased one wing of the property and erected on it a \$200,000 club house. No. 144, however, is still one of the pretentious brown-stone houses on the block, and the Misses Gloucester still maintain it as one of the fashionable boarding-houses on the Heights. Eli Johnson lived there and Gen. Catlin was a boarder in the fall of 1885 when making his unsuccessful canvass for Mayor.

Something like an earthquake visited the house recently and caused widespread wreck and ruin. The plate glass windows in the Remsen street door and in the front parlor, as well as the windows in the dining room looking out on Clinton street, together with the sashes, were shivered to atoms. The eight tables in the dining room were upset, and with their wilderness of casters, china and glassware were pounded into a mass of debris. A small room off the dining room whose shelves were covered with china and glassware looked as if a cyclone had visited it. The shelves themselves were torn from the wall, and their contents thrown on the floor in complete wreck. The scene in the main parlor was in perfect keeping with the other surroundings. The handsome furniture, the chandelier ornaments, clocks, vases, statues, pictures and endless knick-knacks which Mrs. Gloucester had been years in collecting shared in the general ruin.

All this destruction was wrought soon after 12 o'clock, when the boarders were awaiting the sound of the gong to summon them to luncheon, and all was the result of a sudden outburst of rage on the part of Franklin Joseph Johnson, a negro, who is employed by the Misses Gloucester to attend to the fires. Miss Adelaide Gloucester reproved Johnson for spitting in a coal scuttle, and when he told her that he would do so again she ordered him out of the house at once. He

demanding his wages, and when she refused to pay him before the end of the week he broke into a wild frenzy of abuse, and rushing up stairs began an attack on the windows, furniture and tables with big chairs and whatever he could lay his hands on.

All the male boarders were absent at the time, and the ladies were so much frightened that they ran to the top floors, locked and barricaded the doors, and opening the windows screamed for assistance.

There was intense excitement in the neighborhood, and when Police Sergeant Dodge arrived he had to force his way to the front stoop through a crowd of 400 or 500 excited people. Peering through the shattered glass in the door the sergeant saw a medium-sized wild-eyed negro, with a very black face and a long beard in the hall with a portion of a broken chair in his uplifted hands, the perspiration pouring down his face and an ugly-looking open jack knife sticking out of his waistcoat pocket.

The sergeant stood warily on guard with his club in readiness, expecting that he had a maniac to deal with, and he prepared to strike a stunning blow. He was therefore surprised when the negro at once dropped the chair, and coming forward opened the door. Johnson surrendered without a struggle, and dropping the jack knife on the carpet, allowed himself to be walked off by another policeman through the wondering crowd. The perspiration was still pouring from him when he reached the Adams street station. He had a full realization of what he had done, and after recounting the trouble he had in the basement with Miss Gloucester he gave this explanation:

"I went up stairs, took a chair and swept the deck. It was well for those women that they did not interfere. If they had I would have cut them to pieces. I made up my mind that no one should take me out of that house except a policeman."

Miss Gloucester says \$1,500 would not pay for the damage to furniture and windows. Johnson is about forty years old, and has been a sailor. He was recommended to the Misses Gloucester at the beginning of the winter by a friend of the family.

MARY ANDERSON AT REST.

A Large and Sympathetic Gathering at the Funeral of the Murdered Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The last sad rites over the body of Mary C. Anderson were performed March 16 at Mount Holly, and she was laid to rest in the picturesque cemetery on the hill just outside the village of Lumberton in the burial lot of the Anderson family. Despite the blustery March weather there was a large crowd in attendance. Owing to the limited accommodations of the Anderson house the body was removed to the residence of Caleb S. Huff, just opposite, which was crowded almost to suffocation by the relatives and friends.

The body lay in a plain black casket, on top of which was a beautiful cross of white roses. The disfiguring marks of the bullet and the surgeon's knife were hidden by the skill of the undertaker, and beyond a slight yellowish cast the face of the dead girl was almost lifelike. Many tears were shed at the recollection of her sad fate as the crowd filed through the room, and several bent over and imprinted a kiss on the pale face. A brief sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Porter, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Mount Holly, in which he alluded to her many good qualities and the sad ending of her young life.

Then her father and sister took a parting glance, the lid was put on the coffin, the pallbearers—Caleb S. Huff, John Butterworth, J. L. Jameson and Charles Huff—removed it to the hearse, and the procession moved off. There were a great many in carriages, but a far greater number who followed beside the cortege on foot all the way to the cemetery.

Under the impression that the funeral would pass through Mount Holly, a crowd of over a thousand people had gathered at the junction of two roads, and in order to avoid passing through it the funeral director decided to take another route and escape any possible interruption, but in reaching the cemetery at Lumberton a still larger crowd awaited them.

A number of requests were made to have the coffin opened in order to give the crowd an opportunity to gaze at the dead girl, but they were refused, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. The Rev. Dr. Porter then made a prayer and the funeral was over.

It was expected that some member of the Peak family would be present at the funeral, as they were closely related, but none of them appeared. "Bart Peak" was informed of the funeral by the turnkey at the jail, and he received the announcement with the utmost indifference, only remarking "that he supposed there would be a large turn out."

MISS DAISY BELMONT.

[With Portrait.]

Among all the dashing celebrities of the arena there is not one more prepossessing than pretty little Daisy Belmont, who is just now the bright, particular equestrienne star at the Madison Square Garden. During the past few years there have been but few accessions to the ranks of professional lady riders in the circus, and especially those combining ease, grace and elegance on a bareback horse, and Miss Belmont, who is only seventeen years of age, is a most delightful acquisition. She is as light and graceful as a fairy, and rides with an abandon that is perfectly captivating. She is also possessed of a remarkable degree of talent in various ways, and plays the banjo, dances, does an act on a revolving globe, and has since babyhood been a constant worker and a leading feature in several of the largest circuses. She has traveled extensively, and in her professional pursuits has visited Australia and many other foreign countries. This is her second season with Adam Forepaugh, in whose company she has become a great social favorite.

HOW HE CAUGHT HER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a sensation brewing in Atlanta, Ga., which bids fair to rival the most sensational divorce of the century. Dr. Manahan, a physician with an exclusive practice on Peach-tree street, is unpleasantly mixed up in the affair, though he stoutly maintains his innocence. Capt. W. G. McClellan is prominent, because of high business and family relations. He is also the husband of a wife both piquant and prepossessing. For some reason or other, McClellan has long suspected his wife of conduct not conjugal. A few nights since he made up his mind to do a little sharp work. He stayed out until the hour when all good wives should

be in bed, and then softly approaching the window, gently turned the blinds and beheld the two in bed. Beckoning a confederate to the spot, he made sure of his facts. McClellan then rushed around into the house, knocked in the door, and to the astonished boarders who gathered around in their night robes, he declared that Dr. Manahan was the extra person in the bed, and Manahan, who was on the spot, declared that he was brought there by the woman's screams, and she was calling for help from her husband, whom she was speeding through the window. For several days the matter has been town talk, but the belief in Manahan's innocence being so strong it failed to reach the public through the press. McClellan has instituted suit for divorce from his wife on the grounds above set forth, while Mrs. McClellan filed a cross bill denying the facts alleged, and alleging continued cruelty on the part of her husband. Prominent attorneys have been employed, and the facts, about which there is much dispute, will have to be settled in court.

ON A LARK.

A Young woman With More Nerve Than Discretion Takes in the Town.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The heroine of the adventure illustrated on another page is a young society girl who has a decided turn for investigation, and has frequently expressed a desire to see something of life outside the restricted limits of the drawing room. She has the curiosity peculiar to her sex concerning the things that lie outside of conventional society, and, having both nerve and persistence, she succeeded a short time ago in "taking in the town" pursuant to the determination long since firmly fixed. After throwing out several cautious "feelers" she at last found a young gentleman who was willing to pilot her through the devious intricacies of amusement set apart and known only to "the boys."

It was decided that some sort of disguise would be necessary, and male attire was chosen as the most convenient. The immediate objective point was a certain theatre tabernacle in polite society. It was agreed that the young lady should make her toilet at home, and meet her friend at the corner of 14th street and Broadway, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

At the hour appointed the young gentleman wended his way out Fourth avenue, but had no sooner reached the point of rendezvous than he was met by two of his pals, and the following dialogue ensued:

Smith and Jones (cheerfully)—"Hello, Brown, which way?"

Brown (uneasily)—"Well, I'm waiting for a friend, and we are going round to the B—."

Smith (more cheerfully)—"That's where we are going, and we'll wait for you."

Brown (nervously looking at his watch)—"He may not be here for some time yet; he didn't know just when he could get off."

Jones—"O, we are in no hurry."

Just then Brown saw a diminutive figure walking briskly toward him. As the two friends were acquainted with the young lady, he felt that nothing short of an earthquake could prevent a fiasco.

The figure came nearer, scanned the three faces and taking a cigarette from its mouth, said, carelessly, "Hello, Brown."

The intrepid example of his charge infused new courage into Brown, who rallied, and formally introduced his friend Thompson, of Chicago, and the quartet proceeded upon their way. To say that the evening was hilarious, is drawing it mild. After the theatre, there was supper at the restaurant, and toward morning the party took in a mask ball. Whether Brown was too much accustomed to such orgies to be affected by the beverages imbibed, or was laboring under an uneasy sense of responsibility to his charge, is not known, but he managed to keep fairly sober, and saw, with increasing dismay, that the young lady was bent upon exhausting the possibilities of the situation. As he saw her take on the limps peculiar to an advanced stage of intoxication, and reflected that her father was a man to whom it might be difficult to explain things, a cold perspiration bedewed him from head to foot, and he swore a solemn oath that never again would he undertake to chaperon a woman under the same circumstances. Just before daylight a carriage stopped before an aristocratic residence, and from it Brown cautiously emerged to see her safely upstairs, and with much trepidation her escort addressed himself to the task. It was tedious, not to say very perilous, but it was finally accomplished. She was at last safe in her own room, and Brown, limp and weak from the tension of mind and muscle, once more entered the hack. When the driver inquired where he would be driven, Brown indicated a point which, on account of its climate, is usually visited only under compulsion. Just how the story leaked out is not known, but it is supposed that the young lady was recognized by Smith and Jones, in spite of her disguise, and they, being under no obligations to keep silent, told the story as a good joke.

YOUNG WHISTLER.

[With Portrait.]

Young Whistler, champion Græco-Roman wrestler of the Pacific coast, was born Jan. 11, 1869, in San Francisco. Although only eighteen years old and weighing 120 pounds, Whistler is an all-round athlete and has never been beaten by any one in a Græco-Roman. Whistler commenced his career as a wrestler in 1882, when he met and downed Muldoon. After this he met and defeated the following men: Mike Connolly, Frank Willey, George Pixley, young Cannon, Max Green, H. C. Grant, Henry Morgan, Capt. Gaston, Prof. Hardness, Andrew Watson, Harry Maynard, W. Gibbs, Joe Hamilton, William Pedro, Edward McDonald, William Stone, Frank Shields, C. Lee Baltz, William Schaefer, Jimmy Cannon and Frank Chausfrau. He offered to wrestle Arthur Percade, Frank King, James Glass, Adam Butler and Wm. Shulte. In addition to his wrestling abilities, he is a swordsman of no mean order, and has won several contests with the sword. The late and famous Clarence Whistler is the man who first brought young Whistler out. He has wrestled with the famous Green brothers, and is open to meet any man in the world of his weight at Græco-Roman. Whistler has traveled all over the United States and Territories, and he is now on his way to Australia.

BEER AND THE BALLET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The graphic illustration of these two subjects on another page tells its own story.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



John F. Chase.

There are few battle-scarred veterans of the civil war who can show forty-eight wounds. Perhaps the only one is Private John F. Chase, of the Fifth Maine Battery, who is so well known throughout the State. The heroic Chase received these terrible wounds on the battle-field of Gettysburg on the third day of the fight, on Cemetery Hill, from a rebel shell. Above we print a good picture of the gallant cannoneer.

Alfred Samuelson Franklin.

In this issue we present our readers with a portrait of Alfred Samuelson Franklin, who claims to be the champion skater of the world and ready to meet Paulsen, Black, Dowd or McCormick.

Alexander Crawford.

The daily press has published the full details of the brutal killing of R. V. Loggins, of Winona, Miss., by the colored fiend, Alexander Crawford, who was taken by a mob and lynched on the 7th inst. for the terrible deed.

Captains Crosby and Samuels.

We print elsewhere the portraits of the gallant commanders of the two yachts, which are racing across the ocean for a big boodle. Captain Crosby of the Coronet, and Captain Samuels of the Dauntless. Last week we published a picture of both yachts.

Jimmy Mitchell.

We publish this week a portrait of Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, the light-weight champion pugilist of America, who is now matched to fight Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, for \$1,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the light-weight championship of America. Mitchell is well known to the fight fraternity, and for the past two years he has had a standing challenge to fight any man in America for the light-weight championship, and Arthur Chambers, his backer, has always had his money up to back him.

Royboy.

We give an illustration, taken from a photograph, of the Scotch collie shepherd dog Royboy, A. K. R. 2961, who carried off the champion prize at the Buffalo show last week. This dog is owned by the Associated Fanclers of Philadelphia. He is of a beautiful sable and white color, and was bred by J. J. Steward of Clifton, Eng., one of the most famous breeders of Scotch collies. His pedigree cannot be excelled, and his career in this country has been a most remarkable one, he having won premier honors at Philadelphia, 1885; Pittsburgh, 1886, and New Haven, 1886. He was trained in Scotland to drive both cattle and sheep. He is valued at \$1,000.

The Champion Bobs.

On another page will be found a capital photograph of the champion coasting sleigh of Cohoes, the Richard K. Fox, with excellent portraits of the following named members of the club: John H. Sheehan, Thos. McGuinness, Joseph Riely, Thos. Lynch and Thos. Gero, honorary members: Daniel Fitzpatrick, reporter; Alle Davidson, mascot; Wm. Nolan, secretary; Michael Rafferty, Thos. B. Dowd, Thos. Cunningham; Chas. McMerwood, tillerman; Chas. Maurimes, Wm. Dodge, Jas. Cunningham; Thos. McCarthy, kongman; John Cunningham, captain; Wm. B. Maurimes; Daniel Atkins, president; John B. Nolan; Timothy Galvin, brakeman; Arthur Monahan, quite a sport; G. W. Chapman, a turfman, and Max Sheridan, our undertaker.

The Neal-Buck Affair.

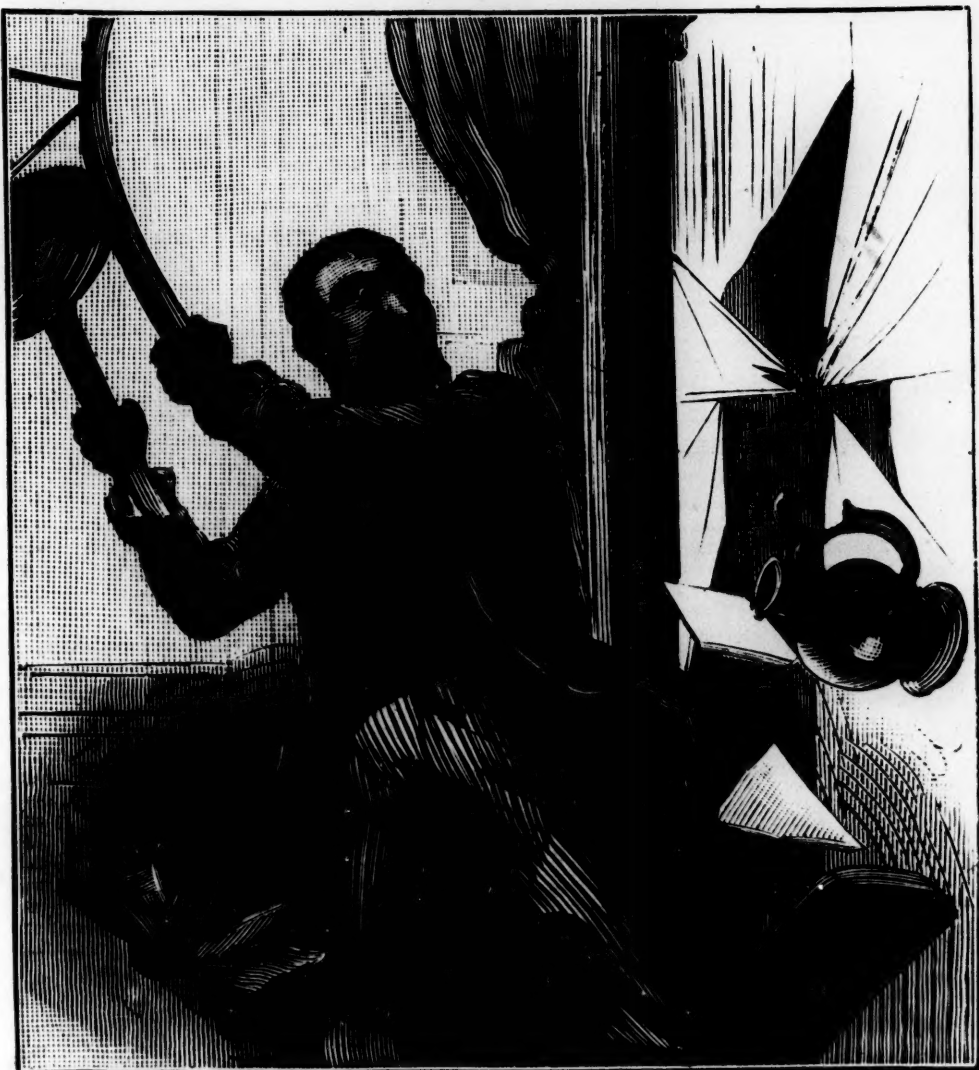
The particulars of the shooting affair which occurred at Farmer City, Ill., March 3, are not easily obtained, as one of the participants has not since been seen there and the other refuses to divulge. The most authentic rumor alleges that Frank Buck had more than once been seen going into and coming out of Frank Rawlings' residence at unseemly hours and when it was known that Mr. R. was away from home. This coming to the ears of Marshal M. B. Neal, whose wife is a sister to Mrs. R., so stirred the blood of the worthy marshal that he determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly, about four o'clock on the morning named, it is claimed he caught Buck emerging from Rawlings' residence, when a tussel ensued, which ended in Mr. Neal receiving a shot in the thigh, his wrist grazed by another and Buck making his escape for parts unknown.

CATARRH CURED.

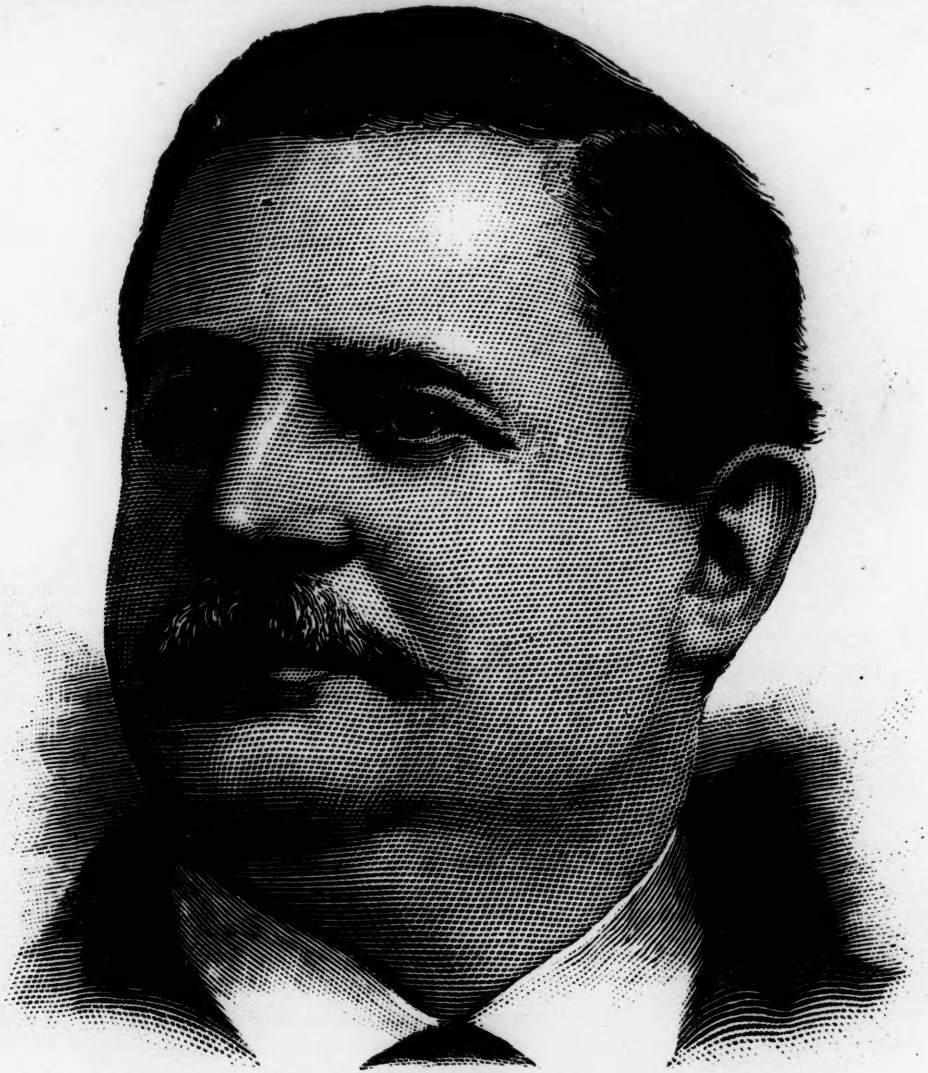
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



DAISY BELMONT,
THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARENIC
FIRMAMENT.



HE WAS LIKE A CYCLONE.
FRANCIS JOSEPH JOHNSON, A COLORED WAITER, TURNS HIMSELF LOOSE IN A
FASHIONABLE BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.



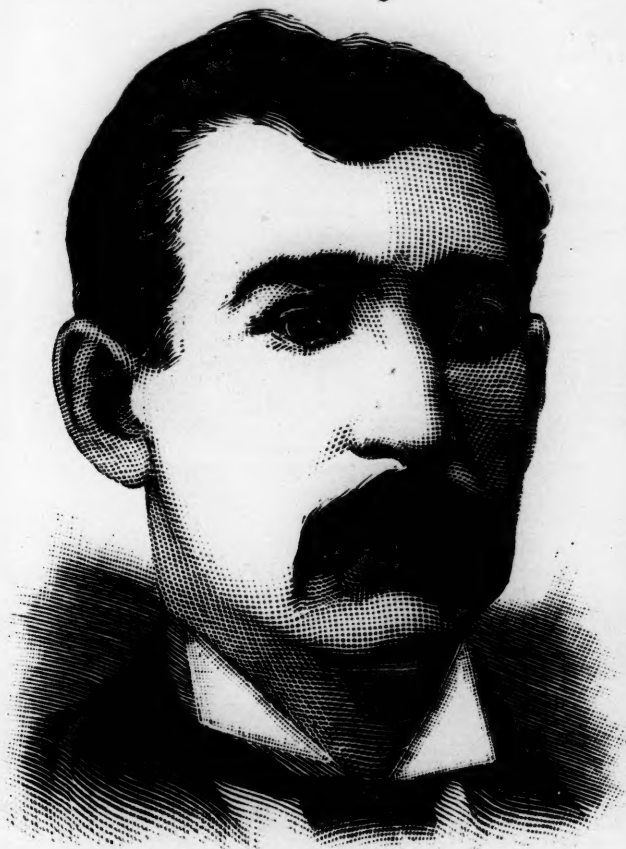
TONY PASTOR,
THE WORLD-FAMOUS MANAGER AND MIME WHO IS EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.



WAS SHE KIDNAPED?
MISS ELLA BLOTTENBERG OF DILLSBURY, PA., IS ABDUCTED FROM HER REFUGE
AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.



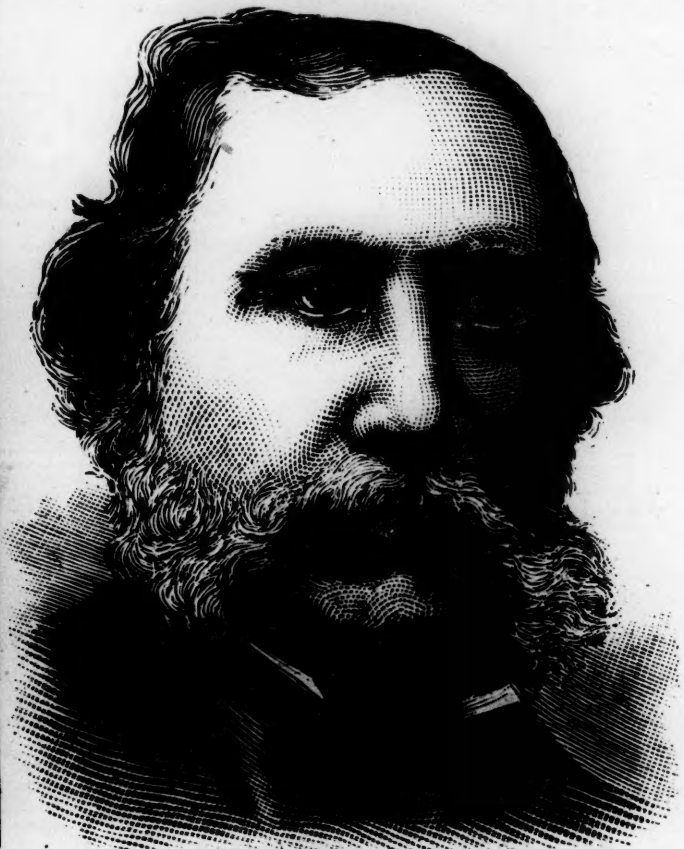
HE SEES HIM YET.
THE HORRIBLE NIGHTLY VISION WHICH HAUNTS THE CELL IN SING SING OF
MURDERER EDWARD UNGER.



M. B. NEAL,
WHO IT IS ALLEGED WAS SHOT BY FRANK BUCK IN HIS SKIP-
PING ACT, FARMER CITY, ILL.



AT REST.
THE LARGELY ATTENDED FUNERAL OF MURDERED MARY AN-
DERSON OF MT. HOLLY, N. J.



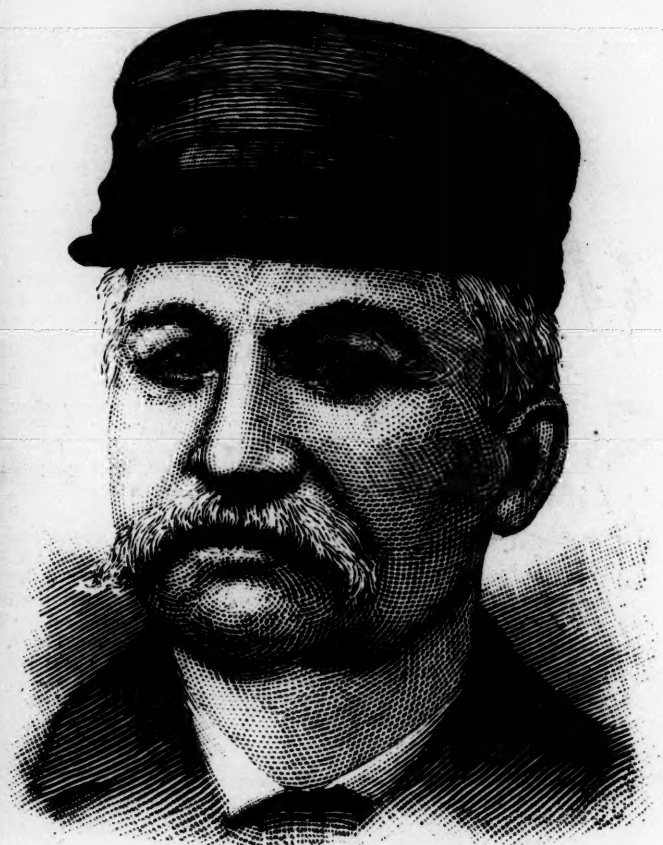
CAPTAIN SAMUELS,
THE BRAVE OLD SKIPPER OF THE "DAUNTLESS" WHO WILL
GIVE THE "CORONET" A STIFF RACE.



MRS. ELLA RAWLINGS,
THE LADY WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE GREAT ATTRAC-
TION FOR FRANK BUCK, FARMER CITY, ILL.



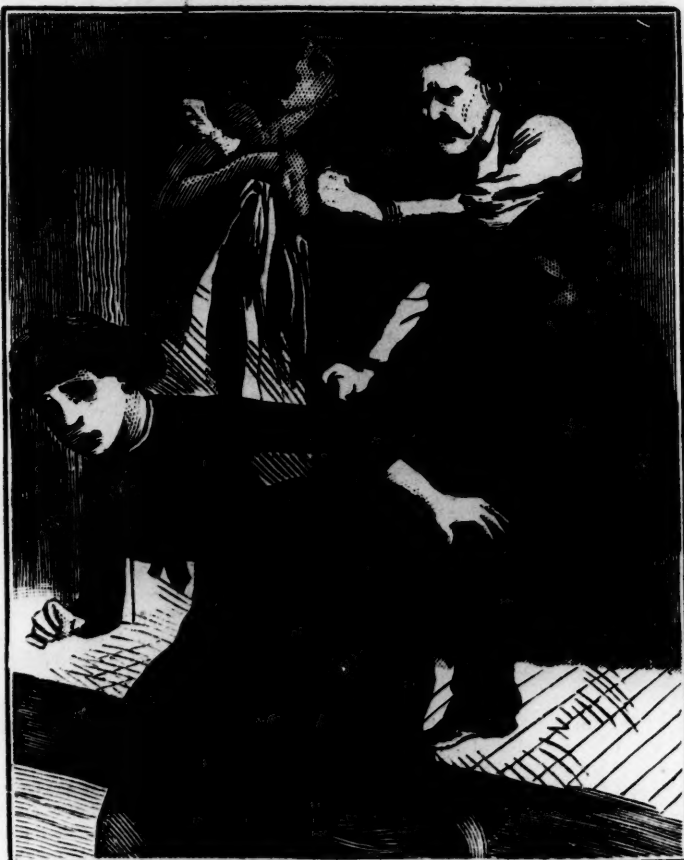
THEY MADE HIM DRINK INK.
THE PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED ON AN ANNAPOLIS CADET FOR
WHICH HIS COMRADES ARE BEING COURT-MARTIALED.



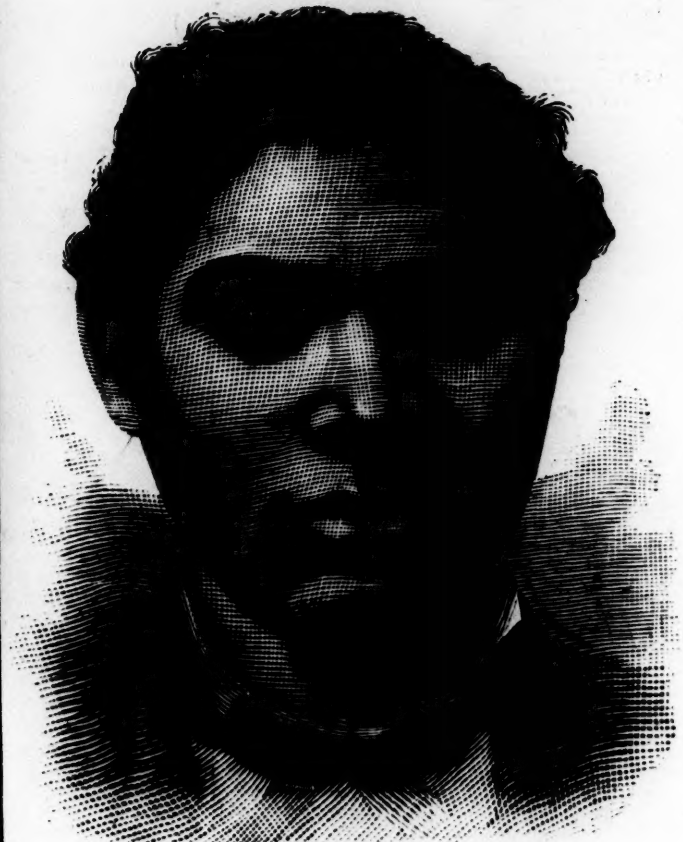
CAPTAIN CROSBY,
THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE "CORONET" NOW RACING
THE DAUNTLESS.



FRANK BUCK,
WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS BY
MARSHAL NEAL, FARMER CITY, ILL.



TWO SISTERS HAVE ONE HUSBAND.
HOW LEROY HENBY STARTED A LITTLE MORMONDOM OF HIS
OWN AT RUBY, MICH.



ALEXANDER CRAWFORD,
THE SLAYER OF B. V. LOGGINS WHO WAS RECENTLY JERKED
TO GLORY BY A MOB, WINONA, MISS.

ROAST MAN.

The Awful Revel of the Fire
Fiend at the Ill-Fated
Richmond House in
Buffalo, N. Y.

HELL'S HORRORS.

They are Tasted to the Bitter Full by
Scores of Frantic and Helpless
Human Beings.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The new Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., which was opened three weeks ago, burned to the ground the morning of March 18, with a frightful loss of life. With it went Bunnell's Museum building and two small stores. There were sixty-four transient guests in the hotel, twenty sleeping employees, several boarders and the proprietors, Robert Stafford, W. J. Mann, H. P. Whittaker, and their families, making in all about one hundred persons. Only seventy-eight of these are accounted for, and it is believed that the



A gallant rescue by Chas. A. Orr.

bodies of the others will be found in the ruins.

The hotel register was not saved, and no one can remember the names of all the guests. W. J. Mann, who had charge of the help, is delirious with pain and excitement and cannot talk rationally. No one save himself knows the names of all the domestics. The fire broke out in the cloak room under the main staircase at 2:40 A. M., and in five minutes the flames had reached the roof. The house had a square court in the center, and the windows of all the halls opened upon this court. The flames prevented escape by the staircase and the panic-stricken guests with but few exceptions made for the windows, both in their rooms and in the halls. Night Clerk William H. Alport sounded the electric fire alarm, which rang a bell in every room. He had barely time to save himself, and when he reached the street the red glare of the flames was already lighting the thoroughfare. He gave a fire



A daring jump for life.

alarm, but before the arrival of the engines numbers of people had been attracted to the scene by the shrieks of women standing in their night dresses at the upper windows. Fire Department Chief Hornung gave his order immediately and decisively:

"Blank the building; save the people."
Hands were put upon to the extension ladders,

which were rapidly raised. Meantime the flames became hotter and hotter, and could be seen licking the woodwork of many windows.

Press Whittaker, one of the proprietors, crawled on the window ledges from his room on the fifth floor, a distance of over 50 feet, to the ladder, and was rescued. A woman in her night clothes was seen at a window on the third floor. A ladder was placed and Charles A. Orr, County Clerk, mounted and brought the woman safely down in his arms. He took off his overcoat, wrapped it around her, and then remounted and rescued a man whose face and breast were badly burned. One man on the Eagle street side stood at his fourth floor window until the heat was unbearable. He jumped and grasped the telegraph wires with his



Without one ray of hope.

hands. The extension ladder was being raised, and while it was straight in the air he let go the wires, caught the fifth rung and descended before the ladder was up to its full length.

The last three people rescued were utterly exhausted and fearfully burned.

J. C. Gilbert, of 16 South Portland avenue, Brooklyn, was taken from the fifth floor none too soon. He was clad in drawers, shirt and socks. Minnie Stone and Kate Pearce were dragged from the fifth floor on the Main street side. They had on nothing but wrappers. They were not burned. The crowd hung with breathless anxiety on each move of the firemen and cheered lustily as rescue after rescue was attempted and accomplished.

But it was in the rear that the tragedy of the morning was being enacted and men and women were jumping to a horrible death. A. G. Clay, of Philadelphia, and Louis E. Smith, of Brooklyn, were on the fifth floor. Their rooms adjoined and they crawled along the window ledges to the roof of Bunnell's Museum, the adjoining building on Eagle street. Looking up they saw five girls at a fifth-story window. They had tied sheets together and made a rope which reached to one floor below on a level with the museum roof, but separated from it at that point by an alley about fifteen feet wide. Smith found a telegraph wire which he threw across, and four girls descended in safety and crossed on the wire. When the fifth was swinging between the two buildings the wire broke and the girl fell four stories to the ground. She was not killed, but the doctors say she cannot live. Her legs were terribly cut and bruised, her back was broken and her face and arms frightfully

this incident of the catastrophe to a correspondent: "When I was nearly down a man shot past me who had jumped. He came near striking me. My God! the people lay on the roof all around me. They were groaning and dying. It was awful."

He shrieked with pain and a physician gave him morphine. Many who jumped to the saloon roof crashed through the photographer's skylight and are now buried in the ruins. Those at the east end of the hotel who jumped landed on the roof of the Tivoli Hall, and were assisted to safety by Anthony Kaiser, the proprietor. Between the hall and the frame building there is a space of fifty feet. A. P. Phillbrook, a shoemaker, who lives at the top of the building south of Tivoli Hall, looked out of his window and saw

people jumping. "I had to turn my face away," said he. "I couldn't stand it. Some jumped through the skylight. I saw them, and I saw a woman with nothing on but a chemise jump to the ground between the buildings. I heard her drop. I couldn't look any more and I went down to the street."

Anthony Kaiser says that before the walls fell he saw this woman and a man almost naked both lying dead underneath his window. Then a portion of the south wall of the Richmond fell and the ghastly sight was covered by bricks and debris.

Robert Stafford, a proprietor, roomed on the third floor. His window faced Creighton's saloon and he jumped, telling his wife to follow. She did so and he caught her. The two made their way through the building downstairs. W. J. Mann, another proprietor, escaped by jumping. His wife refused to jump and stood at the window screaming with her little girl in her arms. At last she fainted. B. G. Baldwin, of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, lifted her and dropped her into her husband's arms. Then he picked up the child and jumped safely. Mrs. Mann was frightfully burned about the face, arms and legs. She was taken to a lawyer's office, where she lay, screaming and calling for her little daughter Jennie. "Do something to stop the pain," she yelled. "Oh, I shall die, Jennie was burned to death. I know it, I saw her."

Little Jennie was at Dr. Hayd's office. Her burns were painful though not severe. She went to sleep and when she woke up at noon told her story in a childish treble:

"I waked up and heard a noise and ran out into the hall and down some stairs and then there was so much fire and smoke I could not go any further and I



A ghastly sight which was soon hid from view.

burned. She is Mary Connell, of No. 411 Hamburg street; a chambermaid. The others made their escape safely through the museum.

Wilson Purcell, credit man for the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency here, roomed on the fifth floor. He jumped to the roof of a two-story frame building occupied as a saloon and photograph gallery, which adjoined the hotel on Main street. Picking himself up, he reeled to a ladder erected from the street, but had not descended two steps when he reeled and fell to the street. He struck on his head and died instantly. He was so badly burned as to render identification difficult.

Clinton Bidwell, of Pittsburg, roomed with Mark Osborne, the hotel clerk, on the fifth floor. Osborne awoke him and both ran into the hall. Osborne never returned. Bidwell made a rope of sheets and reached the roof of the saloon, but not until the advancing flames had terribly burned him about the chest and arms and face. Moaning pitifully at times, he told

went back to my floor and into a bedroom. It was mamma's room, and she picked me up and hugged me and then she let us both drop. Then a great big man came and he put mamma out the window and on to the roof, and then he jumped on to the roof with me. It was all afore there, but the man picked me up in his arms and carried me down through the fire and took me through the street to a place, and then the doctor there carried me over here."

James McGuire, night engineer at the post office, saved one life, and tried to rescue a girl from a room on the third floor. She could not open the door and McGuire could not break it. He had to leave her to her fate. R. H. Humes jumped through the skylight in the roof of the two-story brick kitchen and dashed his way through the flames to Eagle street. He left five persons on the roof, and thinks they were all lost. He was badly burned.

Foster Milliken, of the iron commission firm of Mil-

liken, Smith & Co., New York, was on the third floor. He ran down one flight of stairs and out to a balcony. The crowd shouted to jump and a canvas was brought, but Milliken showed them a neater trick and lowered himself to an awning rod and thence hand over hand to the street. He was followed by E. H. Wimpshelmer, who travels for the New York printing-ink firm of Slegmund, Ulman & Co. After them came Mrs. Wimpshelmer, a pretty brunette, who did the acrobatic feat gracefully and was rewarded with the crowd's cheers. None of the three were hurt.

H. B. Runsey of New York, rescued a little girl at the risk of his own life and carried her through the burning hotel to the saloon roof. When getting out of the window he buried the girl's face in his night gown and thus protected her. He inhaled the flames, and was in a delirium until just before his death.

Proprietor Stafford was the picture of misery. "I would give all I am worth," said he to a correspondent, "to see Mark Osborne alive again. I loved him as my own son." When asked if he had formulated any plans for the future Mr. Stafford shook his head sadly. "No, sir; but you can say this, I'll never touch



The wire failed to save her.

another hotel so long as I live, even if it paid \$10,000 a day and was rent free, unless it is absolutely fireproof. I wouldn't take the responsibility and go through the mourning I did this morning for all the hotels in the United States."

The Richmond Hotel was the old Young Men's Library building, and was built in 1856. It was originally run as the St. James Hotel, and St. James Hall stood alongside it. Recent changes made the Richmond and Bunnell's Museum stand side by side. The two buildings were worth \$150,000, and insured for \$200,000. Stafford & Co. lose \$75,000 worth of furniture, wines, &c., which is partially covered by \$54,000 insurance. The Boston Clothing House lose \$20,000, Peter Paul & Bro. \$40,000, and Ulbrech & Kingsley \$35,000. Jos. E. C. Palacio, cigar dealer, puts his loss at \$8,000, partly insured. Von Norman, photographer, loses \$5,000. Other losses will bring the aggregate to \$400,000.

Chief Hornung, of the Fire Department, says: "The number of people rescued by the firemen is about twenty to twenty-five. We got two streams into the corridor of the hotel, and at that moment the flames were shooting up the big staircase and elevator way beyond the reach of the hose. We tried to play both streams upward on the fire, but there was so much screaming of guests and calls for help from the windows that we called off most of the men from the hose and let the building go for a while, giving all our attention to the ladders. 'Damn the building,' I yelled; 'save the people!' and the boys helped man the ladders on the outside, putting up two on the Main street side and the short ones on Eagle street. There was need for them, too. It was a horrible sight to see the people jumping from every side. The cool-headed ones were rescued all right, but some wouldn't wait."

Among the brave deeds of the firemen was one deserving of special mention. District Engineer Murphy was on a ladder rescuing some of the occupants of the hotel. At an upper story window was one of the female domestics. He shouted to her to remain where she was, and he would come up and save her. The



Headlong to certain death.

poor creature, frantic with terror, instead of obeying, leaped from the window and literally threw herself at Murphy. This caused him to lose his balance on the ladder, but he hung on with one hand and caught the girl around the neck, firmly holding her thus until he could regain his equilibrium, when he slid down the ladder, bearing her safely to the ground.

NO CLUE.

An Unknown Burglar Murders Lyman S. Weeks in His Own House at Brook- lyn and Then Es- capes.

A CRUEL CRIME.

The Dastardly Assassination of an Exem-
plary Citizen by a Scoundrel who
Will Never be Detected.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate, on another page, the discovery of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, at 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, by a hitherto undiscovered burglar. Mr. Weeks, who was thirty-six years old, was 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighed about 175 pounds. He lived in a row of two-story and basement frame houses, on the north side of the avenue, between Bell and Stuyvesant avenues. The night of the 15th inst., when the tragedy occurred, besides Mr. Weeks, his wife and two children, aged respectively nine and four years, there were in the house Mrs. Weeks' mother, Mrs. Ellingham, who had arrived a few days previously from North Adams, Mass., and a servant. Mr. Weeks has occupied the house about nine years, and was to have surrendered it in a few weeks to enter a new home which he had contracted to purchase on Macon street. Counsellor Thomas Williams, who was arranging the preliminaries of the transfer, passed the evening with Mr. Weeks, leaving the house shortly before 11 o'clock, after which Mr. Weeks played a game of backgammon with his mother-in-law, the children and maid having retired. It was about an hour before midnight when Mr. Weeks, his wife and Mrs. Ellingham mounted to the upper floor where the sleeping rooms are located, the family occupying the large front room, and Mrs. Ellingham the back room, while the servant slept in a hall bedroom on the same floor. Mr. Weeks was soon in bed. Mrs. Weeks was about ready to retire, and her mother was heard moving about in the adjoining room.

Suddenly a muffled sound reached Mrs. Weeks' ears, which she thought was her mother putting coal in the stove in her room. Being uncertain, she called to her and learning that the sound did not originate from that quarter she awakened her husband, who had fallen asleep, and told him what she had heard. Mr. Weeks hastily pulled on his pantaloons, slipped his feet into his slippers, and taking a box of matches started downstairs to investigate the strange sound, lighting the gas in the hallway on the parlor floor in his descent. His wife waited in breathless suspense, her ear pressed against the speaking tube in her room.

No one other than the assassin can definitely tell what occurred in the last few minutes. To Mrs. Weeks' ear arose through the tube a muffled sound as of a struggle. The report of a pistol was heard by her, however, and in a few minutes all was still. She waited several minutes and then called loudly down the tube to her husband. Receiving no answer she rushed to the front window and throwing it wide open called: "Murder! Police! My husband is injured!"

While in this position she saw a man hurry from the house and go down the avenue in the direction of Stuyvesant avenue. Her description of the man is very meagre, and she says she would not be able to identify him. The wife of Dr. Tittemore, who lives at No. 1073½ De Kalb avenue, heard the cries for help and rushing to the window recognized the voice. The doctor was called and was soon on his way to the house. Mrs. Tittemore says the clock in her room struck twelve one minute after she heard Mrs. Weeks' cry. David Neely and his brother Thomas, who live at No. 1052 De Kalb avenue, nearly opposite the scene of the tragedy, had a few minutes before twelve arrived home and had not finished undressing when the shrill call of the frantic woman startled them. They ran into the street, and to the residence of Mr. Weeks. Without stopping to investigate the trouble David Neely started for the police station ten blocks away. On the way he met Policeman Westerfield and told him of the trouble. The officer went to the house and was admitted by Mrs. Weeks, who had meanwhile descended to the basement.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturges from next door, Dr. Tittemore and the Neely brothers, with Mrs. Weeks, then searched the room, and Mrs. Weeks found her husband on the floor on his back, with his head and shoulders under the dining table which was set for breakfast, and upon which was laid all the silverware. The head rested almost directly under the chandelier, while his feet reached diagonally towards the dining-room door, which was open.

His face was pale and his eyes closed, and as Mrs. Weeks hysterically threw herself upon him, calling upon him to speak to her, he gasped faintly once and then was still. His right hand was pressed to his right breast, and when it was removed it was seen that a bullet had ploughed its way into his body. But little blood had oozed from the wound and had slightly stained the nightdress, upon which could be seen the marks of powder showing that the revolver, which was of 32-calibre, had been held close to his body when the murderous burglar pulled the trigger. The bullet had passed through the body, entering the

breast just below the nipple and passing out between the fifth and sixth ribs on the left side. It was found later in the night between the body and the night-shirt by Undertaker Henderson, who turned it over to the police.

The only evidence of a struggle in the room was an overturned black walnut dining-room chair, one leg and the back rounds of which were broken. The chair lay in the corner of the room near the dead man's feet.

Mrs. Weeks, who was completely prostrated by the fearful tragedy, was led from the scene by her friends, who then prepared Mr. Weeks' body for the undertaker. Later in the night Mrs. Weeks gave way to such paroxysms of grief that opiates were administered to calm her. Her friends fear that the tragedy may have a fatal effect upon her. Mr. Weeks' father arrived at the house from Bridgewater, Conn., having been summoned by a telegram.

The mother of the young man is seriously ill at her home and could not make the journey. The old man, who was unnerved by the tragedy, said: "Lyman was my only child. His death leaves myself and his mother with scarcely kith nor kin. Before I left home his mother made me promise that I should bring our boy home with me. She did not know the whole. We will take his body to Bridgewater, but I tell you, young man," and the tears trickled down the old man's face, "it will be a sad coming home."

The assassin secured admittance to the house by breaking the lower window in the side light to the basement door, which enabled him to reach the bolt on the inside. After sliding back the bolt he walked through the hall into the dining room. In this room at the front, and nearly opposite the door, is a buffet, upon the shelves of which was arranged the table silver, and in the drawers of which was kept the valuable plate. When Mr. Weeks interrupted the burglar it is evident that the drawers had all been pulled open and their contents placed on the table, where the thief had commenced sorting the solid from the plated ware. The location of the wounds and the course of the bullet indicate that the burglar heard Mr. Weeks descending the stairs, and standing by the table fired at him as he entered the room. The sounds which reached the waiting wife must have been the falling of her husband, overturning the chair in his fall, and the hasty departure of the murderer, who waited in the area-way long enough to ascertain that there was no one in the vicinity before starting on his flight.

Dr. Tittemore, who was among the first on the scene of the shooting, said:

"I found Mr. Weeks dead. There were no evidences of a struggle. He lay with his head and shoulders under the table, and upon the table was the silverware, placed there by the burglar. The gas had been lighted by the burglar, but was only bright enough to enable him to see about the room. Mrs. Weeks, who admitted me to the room, was in her night clothing, and was unable to give a connected statement of how the shooting happened. It was necessary to administer opiates to quiet her. She has been under my care ever since, and can be disturbed only at the risk of her reason. The dead man had bled less than two ounces. The wound, when I first saw it, looked like the puncture of a knife. I did not hear any sound of shooting, and have heard of no one in the vicinity who did. The first evidence I had was the cry of Mrs. Weeks."

Mrs. Ellingham and the servant heard nothing of the shooting. Mrs. Ellingham had followed her daughter to the basement, and the servant was aroused by the screams of the ladies, and had then followed them to the basement.

George Henderson, the undertaker who dressed the body of the deceased, said he found no marks on the body other than those made by the bullet. Several parties in the neighborhood say they saw a man who is supposed to have done the shooting. The son of Dr. Attwood describes him of medium stature, dressed in dark clothing and wearing a Derby hat. He was of smooth face and apparently twenty-two years of age.

District Attorney Ridgway and Inspector Reilly, with his staff, were among the early callers at the scene of the tragedy. Mr. Ridgway expressed himself forcibly concerning the murder, and Inspector Reilly detailed several of his most experienced men to follow up the meagre clues as to the identity of the murderer. At the Fourteenth Precinct police station Capt. Dunn said he had no doubt the murderer was identical with the man who, when halted last Thursday night by Policemen Low and Herscher in the vicinity of Van Buren street and Broadway, fired five shots at the officers and then made his escape, leaving behind stolen goods which he had taken from No. 721 Jefferson street. The captain continued:

"There have been a half-dozen burglaries in this vicinity within the past few weeks in which admittance to the houses was secured precisely as in the case at the Weeks house. I have little reason to doubt that the same man has committed all of them. Shortly after the tragedy one of our officers found Mr. Weeks' overcoat in the vacant lot a few doors from the scene of the shooting. The murderer had evidently put it on with the intention of filling his pockets with his plunder, but flung it away as telltale evidence against him."

Coroner Lindsay called at the house and impaneled a jury. The post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Joseph M. Creamer, of No. 170 North Sixth street, who says that death was the result of internal hemorrhage.

The murdered man was employed as a salesman in the wholesale hat store of Messrs. Huribert, Stether & Mandford, at No. 548 Broadway, this city. He was a man of remarkable strength and always took great interest in athletic sports. He was for many years a member of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and at the time of his death was a member of the Waverly Bowling Club. Among his associates he was very popular, and is spoken of by his employers as an exemplary man. He had been in their employ nineteen years and occupied a position of great trust and responsibility.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Arthur Chambers, the famous sporting man, boniface of the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, and formerly light-weight champion of America. Chambers has a world-wide reputation. He is the backer of pugilists, wrestlers, running dogs and a general promoter of all kinds of sports. Before he retired from the fist arena he was a No. 1 in the light weight class and retired champion. He is Jimmy Mitchell's backer in the fight for \$1,000. "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the light-weight championship of America.

A MISER AND HIS MONEY.

Remarkable Circumstances in the Case of Old Paine and His Greenbacks.

Once upon a time there was over a third of a million in good money that would pass anywhere at its face value, and only two men knew where it was for it was hidden, and only one of these two knew that it was money instead of rubbish; and for nearly a score of years it lay untouched in its hiding place; and then the one man who knew it was money died without saying anything to anybody about it, and the other man, discovering that it was money, was so honest that he informed the heirs about it, and the result was a great contest in the courts. This contest has become famous, and people speak of it as the Paine will fight, the point at issue being as to whether there is any such thing as a Paine will. The contest is not yet finished, although the testimony is all in, and the whole story about that vast sum of money has never been told, and probably never will be. It has not even been told before this that for nearly a year the \$400,000, which astounded the court one day, lay in the Garfield National bank in this city. Everybody has heard of the odd package that looked like a bundle of old newspapers which Mr. Charles Chickering found in his safe, and discovered to be stacks and stacks of greenbacks. Without waiting to count them he hurried off to Boston and brought a deputation of the heirs back, and together they examined the strange package. Once in the seventeen years Miser Paine had asked Mr. Chickering to keep it for him in his safe had the owner inquired about it, casually asking Mr. Chickering if that bundle was all right. And Mr. Chickering had replied that it was still there, and he wished that Paine would take it away. When the money had been counted Mr. Chickering took it up to the Garfield bank, and went into the president's room, a little office next to the street entrance. Mr. Cheney was there, and, when visitors had withdrawn, Mr. Chickering said to him:

"I have a package here that I would like to leave with you for safe keeping."

"Very well," said President Cheney, "I guess we can accommodate you."

The package was laid on the desk and the gentleman passed several inconsequential remarks about business and the weather, and then Mr. Chickering rose to go. The president observed that the package ought to be marked in some way for identification.

"It is marked," replied Mr. Chickering, with his hand on the door knob.

President Cheney looked it over. He saw nothing but a row of figures scrawled on the newspaper wrapping without punctuation, as if some one had been making a rough calculation. It did not occur to him that they conveyed any significance, written as they were in pencil. He glanced inquiringly at Mr. Chickering, and saw that gentleman look straight at the figures. Mr. Cheney scrutinized them again. This is what he saw: 3667000.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment, "that this package contains \$366,700?"

"That's just it in cash," said Mr. Chickering.

President Cheney called the cashier in, and, pointing to the package, said: "Mr. Vall, Mr. Chickering wants us to take care of this, and that is what he says there is in it."

Mr. Vall looked at the unpunctuated figures, glanced up at Mr. Chickering, scowled, looked again at the figures, glanced at Mr. Cheney, and then repeated the operation. When he finally persuaded himself that the gentlemen meant what they said, and the figures also, he drew a deep breath and remarked: "Well, I should think that Mr. Chickering had better put his name on it, in order to identify it in case he should ever care to call for it."

This sensible step was taken, but Mr. Chickering did not call for it until the day came when he had to produce in court the property of the deceased miser. By that time the \$400,000 in certificates of deposit had been added to the original package, and it was not until these were given to Mr. Cheney to send through the clearing house that he knew whose money it was that he had in his safe. "I think it makes one of the most astounding events in history," said Mr. Cheney, in conversation on the matter. "Here was almost half a million dollars in clear cash, with not a mark of the faintest character in the whole package to identify any portion of it as belonging to anybody other than the holder of it. Even the certificates of deposit were so drawn that Paine's name was not mentioned, and, as they were indorsed, anybody under heaven might have got the money on them on presentation. And if Mr. Chickering had made any disposition of the funds for his own benefit no one ever would have missed them, for no one knew that they were in existence. And it seems grimly satirical that, after he had kept the money honestly for twenty years, and then honestly notified the heirs of its existence, he should have had to give bonds in \$25,000 for its proper disposition."

When Mr. Chickering was approached by the heirs to become the executor of the estate, he declined, saying that he should have to encumber himself with bonds, and didn't want the trouble. But they declared that he should not be put under bonds. They were willing to trust him, but when the enormous pile was shown in court the contestants instantly demanded bonds, and Mr. Chickering had to furnish them. It is a pity the recorder had not the option of allowing a man of such marked honesty to proceed with the administration of the estate without giving bonds.

"As for old Paine, I knew him well when I was interested in musical societies. I was one of the directors of a choral association, and we used to give Paine free entrances to our concerts. He used to come to our rehearsals, too, for the sake of having a warm place to spend an hour or two on a cold day. I have many times given him money as such times that he might get a meal of visuals. The last time I remember having anything to do with him was voting in a meeting of the directors that he be excluded from our rehearsals, for he would come in and squat down by the stove and proceed to thaw out, and by the time he was thawed out everybody else would be driven from the room. His habits were inconceivably filthy. The vote of expulsion was unanimous."

KIDNAPPING A YOUNG LADY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some two weeks ago Miss Ella Blottenberg, of Dillsbury, Pa., arrived in Indianapolis and appealed to relatives for protection, saying that her father's treatment was so abusive that she could not longer remain at home. She was eighteen years of age, intelligent and handsome, and gave evidence of good

training and education. Thursday week she determined not to be a charge upon her relatives, and against their protest went to work in an overall factory in the southern part of the city. While she was thus engaged the morning of March 12 a stranger entered the factory and passed through the several rooms inquiring for the girl. As he approached her he drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and put them on her wrists. She evidently recognized the man and begged him not to take her back to Dillsbury, but he declared that she must go with him, and the two left the factory together, the girl sobbing bitterly. An hour later her friends heard of the affair, and inquiry developed the fact that the police knew nothing about it, nor had the Governor issued any requisition, and the arrest was wholly without warrant of law. A diligent search fails to develop any trace whatever of the girl or her captor.

TO RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

A POLICE GAZETTE correspondent writes:

Mr. Edward Burgess has sent by mail and cable to Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne his challenge to race the Mayflower against the Arrow for the Queen's Cup. No reply has been received. When asked if the race would be sailed under the English yachting rules, Mr. Burgess said:

"In all probability it will, but the conditions of the race will be decided on after consultation with Mr. Chamberlayne."

"Are you going to sail against the cutter Irex for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups, which the cutter Genesta won a year ago?"

"Yes, it is my intention to sail for them also."

"The New York Yacht Club rules govern these races, and no claim can be made against the sloop Mayflower on account of her being a centreboard yacht."

"That is so, and no time allowance is made in this race. The course is from the Isle of Wight to and around a mark boat anchored off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and return. Gen. Paine does not want to have the care of the races upon him, and he has given entire control of the Mayflower to me."

"Have you decided on the amount of sail you will carry on the trip across?"

"Not yet; but I must attend to it at once, and to other matters concerning the trip. My plans are now to have the Mayflower sail about June 1. It is my intention to sail for Europe with my family about the middle of June, and we will take the steamer from this port."

Mr. Burgess has not decided on the sailing master of the Mayflower, but enough is known to say that the expert sailing master, Capt. Stone, now that his employer of ten years has turned the Mayflower over to Mr. Burgess for an European trip, will not stand in the way of the famous naval architect, but will step aside to allow him to elect whom he pleases. Mr. Burgess says no one has been thought of in place of Capt. Stone—in fact, no intimation of any one else has been made.

SHE WANTED A JUDGE OR TWO KILLED.

There was one woman among the throng of sight-seers at Forest Hills who was particularly desirous of knowing whether any judges were passengers on the wrecked train.

"Judges? No, madam. Did you suppose any judges were on board?"

"Well, I didn't know but what there was. There are a good many judges living in Dedham. Dedham's a great town for judges. You say that they were mostly clerks and shop girls who were killed?"

"Yes, but their lives are just as dear to them."

"Oh, I know it," answered the woman; "I know it. But if we must have an accident I think it is well to have some distinguished person killed. It makes other distinguished people realize their responsibilities, and teaches people that a man may be celebrated and yet be liable, same as others. I thought if a judge or two were killed it might have a good effect on the young!"

TONY PASTOR.

[With Portrait.]

The handsome, good-natured visage of Senor Don Antonio Pastor illuminates another page. To describe him would be to gild gold and paint the lily. Everybody knows him, everybody likes him. The men swear by his good fellowship and the women adore him. What more can we say?

WON A FORTUNE.

Buying Three Lottery Tickets and Winning Two Prizes.

Joseph Strang, a former Auburnian, who has been living at Smith Falls, Ontario, is stopping with his wife at the Arbor Hotel on South street. Mr. Strang is the lucky man who drew one-tenth part of the first capital prize of \$150,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, at its last month's drawing. To an *Advertiser* reporter Mr. Strang said that he sent money from Smith Falls, by express, to M. A. Dauphin, at New Orleans for three tickets and received them in due time. For the one-tenth ticket, No. 73,937, he paid one dollar. About six days after the drawing he received a circular by which he learned that he had drawn \$15,000 of the capital prize and also \$10 of an approximation prize by another ticket, thus drawing two prizes with three tickets. Mr. Strang had also drawn several prizes previously, but not very large ones.

Mr. Strang came to Auburn and ordered the money sent from New Orleans by express to the banking house of William B. Seward & Co. The total sum of \$15,000 was forwarded in gold and Mr. Strang now has a certificate of deposit from the bank for the amount named. There were no deductions for commissions or any other charge except the express tariff of \$71.

Mr. Strang is a machinist by trade, and has been in comfortable circumstances, but never had so large a sum of money before. He and his wife will reside in this city. They have no children.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser*, March 11.

A Deep Mystery.

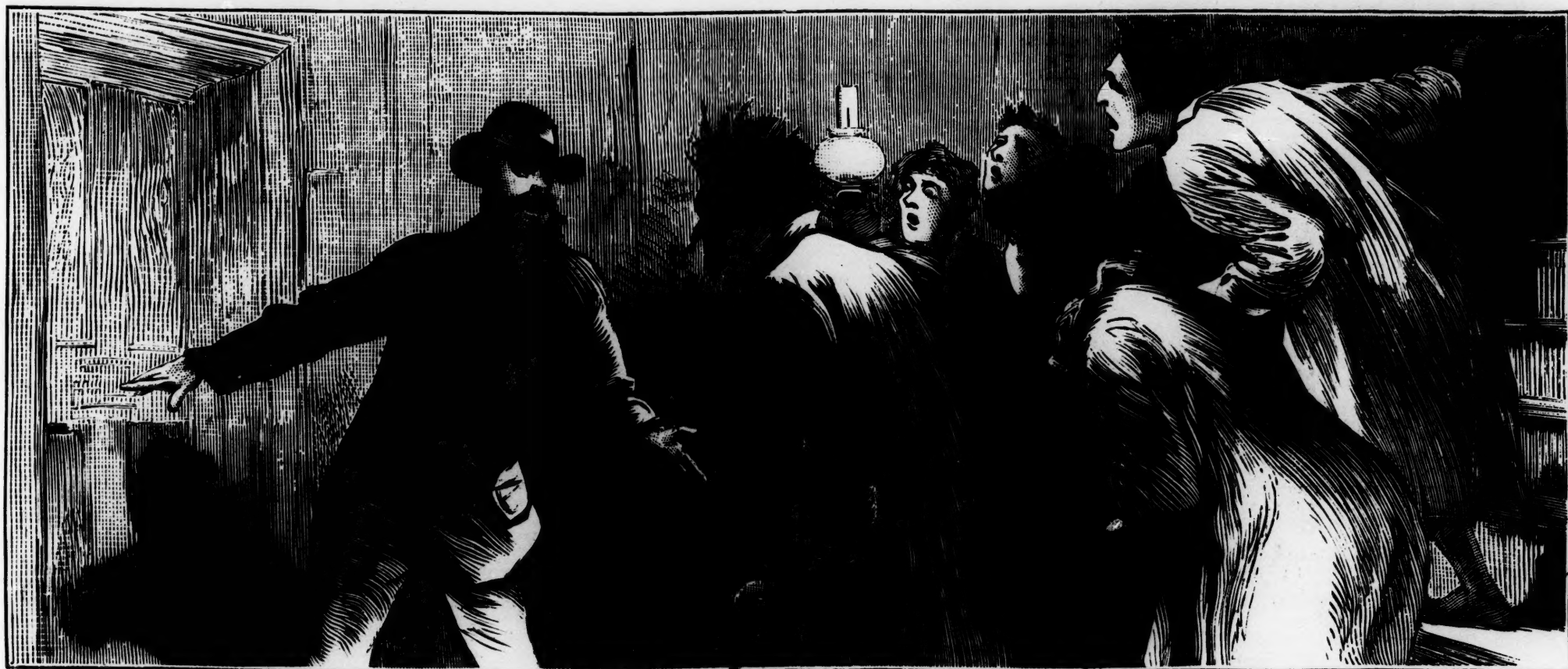
Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.



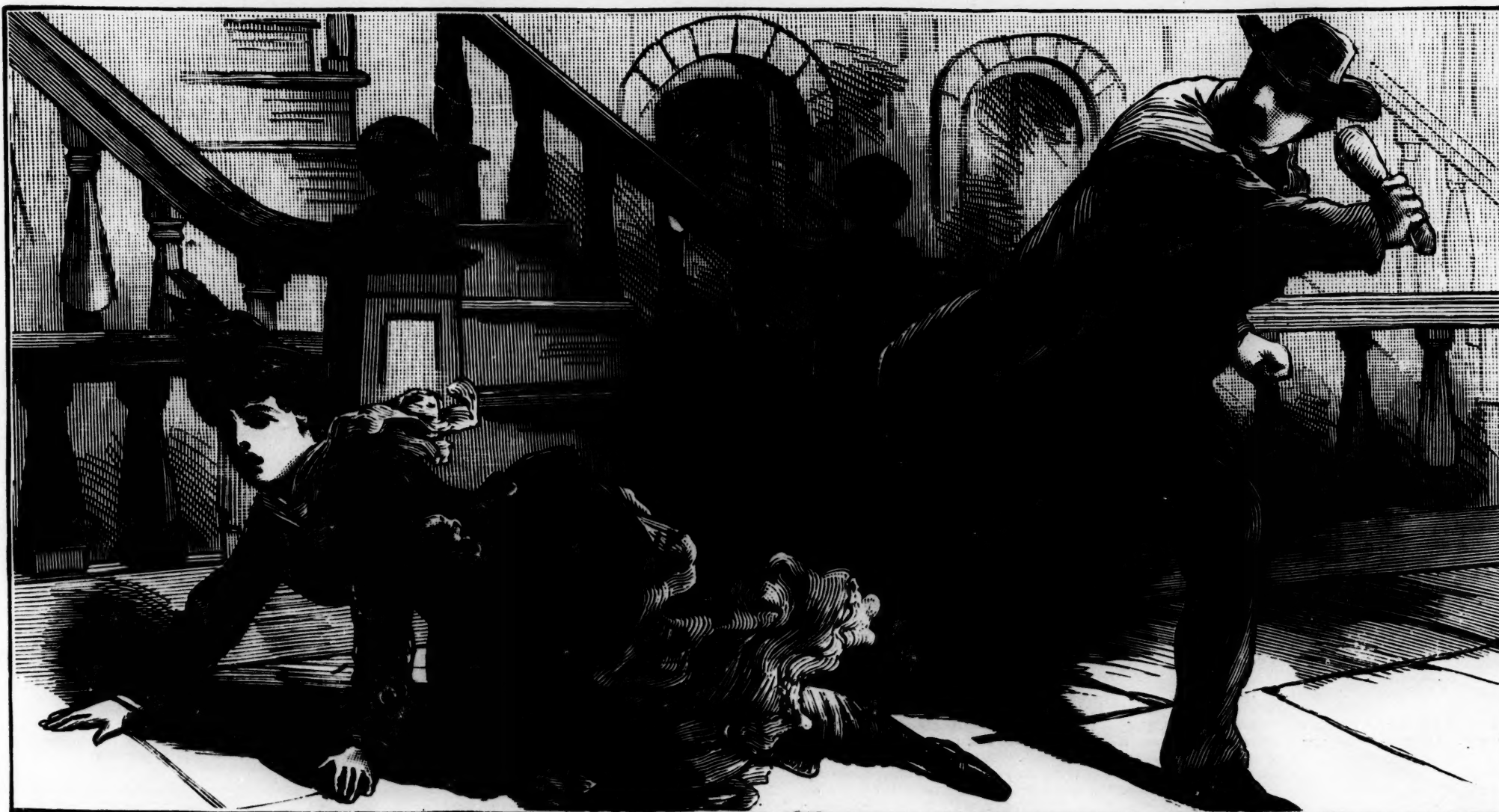
HIS JUMP WAS FATAL.
NATHAN FALK, A TRAVELING SALESMAN, COMMITS SUICIDE WHILE UNDER ARREST AT DENVER, COLORADO.



A COW IN AN AUCTION ROOM.
THE TRIFLING EVENT WHICH HAS SET THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.



HIS WIFE'S WICKEDNESS.
THE DIRE DOMESTIC CALAMITY WHICH CAPTAIN MCOLELLAN ALLEGES WAS CAUSED BY A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF ATLANTA, GA.



A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.
MISS ERNESTINE SMITH IS ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN SAND-BAGGER ON WEST SIXTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.



BEER AND THE BALLET.

HOW THE HARMLESS NECESSARY GROWLER IS WORKED FOR ALL IT IS WORTH BY THE BLUSHING BEAUTIES OF BURLESQUE.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

John L. Sullivan and Manager Pat Sheedy attracted a big crowd at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on March 18.

Arthur Chambers says: "I will match Jimmy Mitchell to fight Jack McAuliffe (win or lose his match with Paddy Smith), at 133 pounds, for \$1,000 a side."

Mike Lucie and Harry Scofield fought with gloves at Troy, N. Y., Thursday night for a purse of \$250 and gate money. Eleven rounds were fought, when Scofield was done to a standstill and Lucie was declared the winner.

Arthur Chambers, with his champion, Fred Woods, was in this city on March 18. He left a challenge, in which he offers to back Woods to fight any 145-pound man in America, bar Jack Dempsey, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Patsy Kirwin, of Mount Clair, and Sprogg McDonald, of Jacksonville, Fla., fought near Mount Clair, N. J., on March 19. Thirteen rounds were fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, when the referee declared the fight a draw.

The glove fight between Mike Cushing, of Elizabeth, N. J., the amateur champion of 1886, and Jack Hopper, of Providence, will be fought on April 26. Jim Barclay, the well-known sporting man of Sixth avenue, is backing Hopper.

Johnny Reagan believes he can fight at 133 pounds. He will have to over train hard to reduce himself to that weight, and the result might be a set back. At 140 pounds Reagan is fit to race in any company, but at 133 pounds he will be handicapped.

At Minneapolis recently Patsy Cardiff posted Pat Killen coward and a newspaper fighter, and as soon as the latter heard of the remark he posted a forfeit to fight Cardiff for \$1,000 according to "Police Gazette" rules, so that there is now every prospect of a first class mill.

The New York Daily "News" says: Pat Sheedy is passing sleepless nights wandering through piles of scrap books and old newspaper clippings, gleaning information for "The Life, Travel and Battles of John L. Sullivan." The book is being printed by Richard K. Fox.

Dick Collier the English middle-weight pugilist, whom Jack Ashton whipped in a four-round "go," at Turn Hall, and whom Jimmy Carroll shortly after "did up" in a fight for a purse, was defeated in a glove fight by Reddy Gallagher of Cleveland, on March 18, in 1 minute 7 seconds.

On March 18 a sparring exhibition took place at Elizabeth, N. J. The wind-up was between Lewis Noc and Dick Burke, and produced great excitement, the fighters doing their best to knock each other out. Both were badly used up and blood flowed freely. A number of women were among the audience.

In regard to the announcement that Greenfield conquered Jimmy Mitchell in Philadelphia Arthur Chambers writes: "That report of the Mitchell and Greenfield glove contest is all wrong. Mitchell had him licked in the first round, and I got him to let up. Greenfield was at least ten or fifteen pounds the heavier man."

Denny Kellegher, the Port Richmond heavy-weight, faced Jack Dougherty, of Boston, with the gloves at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, and notwithstanding the fact that he was very fat, did very well. Dougherty had a bad right hand, having hurt it on Mike Roden last Monday night. Referee Ed. O'Brien decided Kellegher the winner.

Champion John L. Sullivan and combination, under management of P. F. Sheedy, open their tour with a one-night stand March 28 at Cronheim's Germania theatre, Hoboken. The combination comprises Sullivan, Steve Taylor, LaBlanche, Duncan McDonald, James Carroll, Bob Turnbull, Dan Murphy and James McKeon. James H. Love is advance agent.

The final deposit of \$250 a side in the contest between Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia and Paddy Smith of Brooklyn must be posted at the Police Gazette office on Saturday, March 26. Both men have to wait twenty-four hours prior to the contest at Arthur Chambers' at Philadelphia. The battle is for \$1,000, the Richard K. Fox Diamond Belt and the light-weight championship of America.

There was a desperate glove fight fought in a parlor in the suburbs of Augusta, Me., on March 19, between Mike Daley, champion light-weight of New England, and Jack McDonald, of Augusta. Daley knocked out McDonald in the third round of a 4-round fight, with hard gloves, for a purse of \$100. Daley's weight was 131, and McDonald's 169 pounds. The latter was knocked down seven times in the last round.

The New York "Herald" on March 20 published the following special cable from London, England: The pugilists, Charlie Mitchell and Jim Smith, who have been amicably touring through the province in sparring exhibitions, now merely speak as they pass by. Neither will, however, explain who or what is the cause of their parting company. In consequence of their disagreement Mitchell sails alone to-day for America and Smith will not go at all.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, gave an exhibition at the Washington Rink, Rochester, N. Y., on March 15, that was a flattering success. Over 1,800 paid admission, and Jack got 60 per cent. of the gross receipts. The police would not allow slugging, but all the same there were some pretty lively set-toes. Dempsey boxed with Denny Costigan and with Jack Coyle. Dempsey and Costigan have gone to Detroit, where they gave an exhibition on the 23d.

The following explains itself: PHILADELPHIA PA., March 14, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor: DEAR SIR—I wish to inform you I have met with a very serious accident while sparring at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, last week, by breaking my right arm, hoping you will make notice of it in your valuable paper. Thanking you for past favors, I remain, yours, MIKE LEARY.

Light-Weight Champion of New Jersey.

The Harvard Athletic Association held its first winter boxing meeting at Boston on March 19. There was some hard slugging in the heavy-weights. Ashe won the heavy-weight sparring from Curtis, 30. In the third round Curtis made a terrific pass at Ashe, who retaliated by catching Curtis with his right under the left jugular, landing him among the seats. Curtis was assisted back to the "square" and immediately sent a hot one at Ashe. The latter again retaliated by planting another with his right on the same place as before, rendering Curtis hors de combat.

Tom Allen, who is now keeping a saloon in St. Louis, has had a letter from one of Jim Smith's friends in England. He says that the Britishers are in dead earnest, and will back their man for \$10,000 and as much more as Sullivan is willing to put up. Smith's only condition will be that the fight shall be with bare knuckles under prize ring rules. Allen says that Sullivan won't fight that way, that he hasn't a good knuckle on his right hand, and that he can hit harder with a glove on than without it. There are three places picked out where the fight can take place without interruption, and Sullivan will be given his choice.

The sporting writers who have been booming Dominick McCaffrey as John L. Sullivan's successor must be greatly taken back by their champion's defeat by Pat Farrell, who boxed in the role of an amateur before he met McCaffrey. The Police Gazette never classed McCaffrey as the next best man to the emperor of pugilism. Sullivan will not have to wear craps, or attend McCaffrey's funeral march from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. It will, however, be in order for the sporting writers of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and this city who have been afflicted terribly with McCaffreyism to wear mourning for the loss of "a champion" to write about.

At St. Paul, Minn., on March 19, there was a well-contested 10-round glove fight between Black Frank and the Black Pearl, and 4-ounce gloves were used. From the start to the finish it was a rattling mill. Both were badly punished and completely winded. La Blanche, the referee, declared it a draw.

received several stunning upper cuts in return. The Pearl was very groggy when time was called. The next two rounds the men sparred for wind, and in the tenth went at each other hammer and tongs. It was a rattling mill. Both were badly punished and completely winded. La Blanche, the referee, declared it a draw.

Frank J. Dittman, of St. Paul, who stands 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 94 pounds, has won twelve glove contests at St. Paul, and he is only fifteen years old. He writes: "I will fight any boy in America under sixteen years of age and of 160 pounds weight, for anything from \$100 to \$500 a side, with or without gloves, to a finish or a stipulated number of rounds, within three weeks after signing articles of agreement, the same contest to take place anywhere the acceptor may name. Richard K. Fox to be the final stakeholder and to appoint the referee and name the battleground, if the acceptor agrees. I have a man here in St. Paul who will back me for any amount of money."

Arthur Chambers, the old time Manchester pugilist, is having a good time in the land of big things. Chambers sent me a somewhat amusing incident a few days ago, which will be appreciated by people who knew the victim. Almost everybody in Philadelphia knows Jim Dawson. Jim, it appears, has given up his public, and every Saturday evening used to make from \$10 to \$20 by taking a couple of boxes down to Wilmington, Del., to show at a variety theatre. After a while Jim ran across Jack Ashton, and took him down there. Jack was a little better fixed than the majority of men in his line, and being favorably impressed with the appearance of the place, sought the proprietor and softly whispered: "How much for a half interest?" "Five hundred dollars," was the reply, and Jack purchased, shutting Dawson out for all time. "Well," said Jim, "I'm going to stand 'im on 'is 'ead, to see as he ain't got the stuff about 'im."—The Empire (Manchester, Eng.), March 6.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Butte City, Mont., sends the following: A prize fight was decided here on March 6 between Billy Lynn and Jack Lawrence, about the hour 7:30, at the Road House, in a deserted building near by. Jerry Clifford was selected referee. Robert Halslop, better known as Bob Hightop, a local sport, was selected as timekeeper. Jack Waite, second for Lynn; Jim Bates, second for Lawrence.

Round 1—Lawrence led off by hitting Lynn on the nose. First blood for Lawrence, Lawrence forcing the fighting until time was called.

2—Lawrence forcing the fighting, having all the best of it; Lynn standing up bravely. Time called.

3—Lynn still fighting at a disadvantage, face like a porthouse steak. Lawrence forcing him towards his (Lynn's) corner. A clinch, breaking away; Lynn raised a mouse over Lawrence's eye; Lawrence retaliated by hitting Lynn on the point of the chin, knocking him out.

The fight was declared in favor of Lawrence. The fight was with fingerless kid gloves.

The "Empire," England, says: Jim Smith and Charlie Mitchell finished a week's show at the Folly, Manchester, Eng., and it will probably give them to find that Manchester audiences are not quite the people they imagined. The two gladiators have made a successful tour hitherto, and have managed to rake in a decent amount of public money for their fifteen minutes' show. If the shows at the other towns were anything like those here, we stand and wonder why the people crowded in to see them. When a couple of pugilists get together to exhibit, the audience demand something heavier than feather taps; yet this has been the policy of these gentlemen during the week. They gave out they would spar, and spar they did. A more pitiable exhibition of flaccid art was never witnessed. Smith ranks as champion of England, and yet there seemed a tacit understanding between Mitchell and he that they should not hit each other. Smith utterly disappointed his friends. Many people went there prepared to admire Smith, and to back him to stand up for the honor and glory of England, but he sent them away enemies. The amount of gush expended over Smith by the London sporting papers was absolutely disgusting. His boxing—if this show be a sample—is about the clumsiest ever seen; and it seemed as if Mitchell was afraid to knock the popularity out of him by touching him. Smith seemed to pummel away at Mitchell's chest and neck, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Mitchell never hit him once when the champion asked for it. Oh, it was cruel!

An English exchange says: "A good deal of talk is going forward in American fighting circles about the match between Dempsey and Burke. Most of our readers will remember the latter. The former claims to be the undefeated middle-weight, and times without number a match between the pair has been talked of, but though the former has, by means of side remarks and innuendoes, shown that he will not say no to a good chance of a match, Burke has remained perfectly silent, and even when approached remains non-committal. When the pair were in California recently an athletic club offered to raise \$2,500 for them to fight for, but this was refused and double the amount demanded. It is now said that the sum asked can be raised and that without trouble. There is a chance which it would seem the boys should jump at. Burke, however, has settled in business, and this, of course, is a very good reason for declining to enter into any matches at present. Dempsey, however, is more anxious to meet McCaffrey than any one, and it is somewhat significant that the latter should have found it convenient to take a trip to Florida as soon as the time came for Dempsey to visit the Quaker City." Dempsey is no more anxious to meet McCaffrey than any one other pugilist. Dempsey is looking for the money, and the pugilist who can get the stakes will have no trouble in getting on a match with the redoubtable Jack. Burke knows this only too well. Possibly, it will be news to the English exchanges to learn that Dempsey bested Burke in a glove contest at San Francisco, and that Burke is content to leave Jack severely alone since then. It is not business that prevents Burke fighting Dempsey—it is the lack of nerve that kills Burke.

Fred Woods and Denny Butler fought for a purse at the Athenaeum Club, Boston, on March 16. Both reside in the Quaker City, and bear a reputation of being very game. Woods was seconded by Arthur Chambers, his backer, and Patsy Sheppard of Boston, while Butler was seconded by Billy Mahoney and another well-known sporting man. Butler is about six feet high and very thin. Woods is but a little over five feet tall and very stocky, with a short, thick neck. Woods was stripped to the waist and wore crimson trunks. After being introduced to the audience the master of ceremonies announced that they were to spar seven rounds for scientific points, the purse being \$200. At the call of time both walked briskly to the centre, and after sizing up his man Butler went to his left. He failed to count, however, and Woods planted a left and right on Butler's head, the right catching him on the side of the jaw, while the left came up on the side of Butler's long nose, bringing the claret. Woods had to fight up at his man, while his own head came just on a level with Butler's arm. The first round closed with Butler just returning to the attack after having been repulsed by Woods. In the second round Butler did nearly all the leading, coming at his man and giving him a jab and then running away. Woods stood up to his work, but the peculiar manoeuvres of Butler evidently puzzled him. Butler kept pushing his long left arm into Woods' face with neatness and despatch at the rate of once about every five seconds. Woods' left eye commenced to swell. This eye had been sore ever since his contest with Reagan. Shortly after the eye began to swell he got another jab square in the mouth, which cut his lip, and, although he kept banging away at Butler, the latter grunted about, keeping out of the way in great style. The latter did not get through the round without punishment, however, for when Woods did land one, it was a good one, and Butler's head would wag like the pendulum of a clock. The next four rounds were very similar to the first two, both men doing some very clever hitting. Butler counting continually upon his opponent's "phlegm," and once in a while planting his right in Woods' stomach, where it would do the most good. Woods did some very clever work also, but he did not seem to be a match for the swimmer. This did not prove to be the case, however, but if the fight had been for six rounds the judges would have been obliged to award it to Butler. When it came to the end of the seventh, the state of affairs bore quite a different aspect. Both men came up looking fairly well and went to work with a will. Butler pursued his old tactics of punching his man in the face and on the neck, while Woods tried something different, and seemingly regardless of the fact that his opponent had a head he kept trying to make a hole in Butler's stomach and side. This continual punishment on Butler's stomach commenced to tell on him and he began to get weak. When Woods saw this he commenced rushing, and Butler, who was game, returned it with interest. Woods sparred very cleverly, however. Both men were tired and clinches were frequent. In fact, the round and contest ended in a clinch. After considerable deliberation on the part of the judges, Woods was given the battle.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to RICHARD K. FOX, "Police Gazette" Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

The Fairfax stable is going to have some flyers this season.

Exile should run one, two, three in the Brooklyn Handicap.

The championship games of the Pennsylvania College Athletic Association will be held on May 21.

The sloopy yacht Mystery has been purchased by William F. Burden. She is to be enrolled in the New York Yacht Club.

The fastest time on record for running 150 yards is 14½ seconds, made by Harry Hutchins in Australia when he recently defeated Samuels.

The Le Blanche-Hanley fight to a finish for \$500 and the gate receipts has been declared off, because Hanley was so easily whipped by Clow at Omaha.

The return of Ernst Leroy Caldwell-Yale's old stroke—to the sliding seat means that the college will do some wonderfully clever things on the water this season.

There is little or no truth in the rumor that the Westminster Kennel Club of this city intends to hold a shooting match with the Philadelphia Gun Club for a \$5,000 cup.

Looking over the numerous entries in the stake races to be run in the East it looks as if they are at the mercy of the pick of the Dwyers, Haggin's and Baldwin's stables.

A. T. Owens, the leading sporting man in Billings, Montana, keeps a sporting saloon called the Richard K. Fox, in Billings, which is the resort of all sports out in that section.

The New York Club can present an outfield in O'Rourke, Gore and Dorgan that is hard to beat; and what pitcher would not be satisfied with such a trio of fellows behind him?

J. Louis Malone is the favorite in what little betting is being done on the result of his match with Albert Frey, which begins in Daly's parlors, Brooklyn, 29th inst. and ends on April 1.

The football match for the final tie for the Association cup between the O. N. T. and Kearney Rangers will take place on Saturday, April 9, on the Freilighyusen grounds, Newark, N. J.

Harry Pearson, the actor, has organized an athletic club in Harlem. It is known as the "Jolly Five," but the title will have to be changed, as all the sports of the upper districts intend to join it.

Leonora, with 106 pounds up, ridden by P. Fitzpatrick, ran half a mile in 5½ seconds at North Hudson Driving Park, Guttenberg, N. J., on March 15, 1887, winning by a length from Post.

The East River Yacht Club has chosen June 13 for its opening sail or spring regatta. The committee in charge of arrangements consists of Harvey T. Lewis, chairman; H. Campbell and Aloysius Lamb.

The cocking main between Bridgeport and Stamford fowls was decided at Stamford, Conn., on March 15. Bridgeport won 8 out of the 11 battles fought. Each battle was for \$50 and \$100 a side the odd fight.

If John Mahoney, the well-known bookmaker, and Joe Cotton, the well-known turfman, decide to race with this rivalry over the green and the game is 500 points up, about \$5,000 will be wagered on the result.

Ed. Kelly and Dan Daly have been matched for \$250 a side to fight to a finish with kid gloves within six weeks. The former is the son of Tom Kelly, the old prize fighter, and fought six rounds with Jack Burke two years ago.

Mr. Geo. Kiefer, of Estacosa Desamparados, Lima, Peru, is our South American agent. Kiefer is well known in sporting circles in Chili and Peru, and well posted on everything in that line, independent of his regular business.

The Palisade Fishing Club, of Jersey City Heights, has been reorganized, with a new list of officers. A new name will be chosen for the organization at the next regular meeting. The season will be opened with an excursion to the Fishing Banks on the steamer Neptune, March 31.

Sporting men are agitating a billiard match between Mahoney and Joe Cotton for \$1,000 a side. It would be a big betting race and Mahoney would come to the post a 2 to 1 shot. Phil Dwyer will back Mahoney. It is said, to play Cotton for \$2,500, 500 points up, the game to be played two nights, 250 points each night.

Just as the "Police Gazette" was going to press we received the following:

PHILADELPHIA, March 21, 1887. To the Sporting Editor: I, the undersigned, agree to fight J. L. Flaherty to a finish, for from \$100 to \$200 a side, in two weeks' notice, with hard gloves. MIKE CLANCY.

Jaguarine, the Amazonian Queen of the Sword and Buckler, defeated Capt. E. N. Jennings in the challenge mounted sword contest at San Francisco, on Feb. 22, and proved by her strength, science and skill that she is the Amazonian Queen of the Sword. Fred J. Regalhardt, her backer and manager, has a bonanza in Jaguarine who now stands alone and without a rival in the world in her profession, modestly bears the many titles conferred upon her by the people of various countries.

A six-day go-as-you-please race is to be held next month in Chicago, under the management of Chas. E. Davies, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. To-day a challenge and deposit was received from Chas. E. Davies of Chicago, on behalf of an unknown, to Robert Vint of Brooklyn, to contend in a six-day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which Vint recently, for the first time, won in the recent race at Philadelphia. Vint will accept the challenge, and the race will take place at Chicago. According to the rules governing the trophy any pedestrian can enter in the race.

The following table will show the monthly record of the number of games to be played by each club during the coming season at home and abroad. The letter "H" indicates games to be played at home, and the letter "A" games abroad:

be played at home, and the letter "A" names abroad:									
CLUBS.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.		
Boston.....	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A	H A H A H A H A		
Chicago.....	0 3 9 16 18 6 8 15 12 12 18 6 0								
Detroit.....	0 3 6 18 16 6 8 11 15 9 15 21 4								
Indianapolis.....	3 0 3 21 16 6 8 15 15 9 13 12 5								
New York.....	2 1 19 5 6 16 15 8 9 15 9 16 3								
Philadelphia.....	1 2 15 10 9 13 15 8 15 9 6 18 2								
Pittsburgh.....	3 0 9 15 10 12 8 15 12 12 16 9 5								
Washington.....	3 0 18 6 6 16 15 8 9 15 5 7 16 5								
Total.....	9 9 97 97 88 92 92 96 96 96 96 96 20								

Arrangements were made at this office on March 22 for an international wrestling tournament for the Richard K. Fox trophy and the championship of America. The tournament will be held in the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, in April. Among the competitors who will struggle in the arena are Duncan C. Ross, of Cleveland, Ohio; Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo, N. Y.; H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass.; Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio; Matsuda Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" champion; Greek George, of Peoria, Ill.; Captain James C. Daly, the Irish champion, and Arthur J. O'Donnell, the famous Arkansas wrestler. W. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the Police Gazette, will fill the position of referee. The trophy offered by Richard K. Fox is an elegant affair, and it will represent the championship of America.

The "Buffalo News" says: "Captain James C. Daly, the New York athlete, called at this office to say that he was ready to meet some of the wrestlers who had been making themselves so prominent lately. The captain has \$100 on deposit with Richard K. Fox, and he is willing to meet any wrestler at mixed wrestling, catch-as-catch-can, Grasso-Roman or collar-and-elbow, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Captain Daly especially prefers to encounter Evan Lewis, the stranger, or Duncan C. Ross, the athlete, who is so well known in this city. Captain Daly has acquired considerable celebrity for his athletic powers, and his prominence in sporting circles ought to insure an acceptance of the challenge. He will be in Buffalo during the week, and will give any wrestlers in Buffalo plenty of time to arrange to meet him."

At Hinkley, Minn., on March 19, there was a slashing glove fight between Prof. Clark, of Boston, and Billy Rhodes, of Brainerd, for a purse of \$500 and the gate receipts. In the first and second rounds the fighting was fierce, and Clark was once thrown heavily upon the ropes. In the next round Clark got even with his antagonist by striking him a stinging blow upon the nose, bringing the blood in a stream. In the sixth round Clark was fouled, but his second did not notice it. The seventh round was a terrible one, Rhodes being severely punished, and Clark was pined up under the ropes. The eighth and ninth rounds were about an even thing, and in the tenth, after the fiercest work of the bout, Clark knocked his antagonist down with a heavy blow on the forehead. The referee then declared the contest a draw, although the unanimous opinion of the audience was that the fight should have been awarded Clark.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent, Wilmington, Del., writes: At Carroll's Casino, on March 19, the house was packed, the attractions being a glove fight between Joe Hanly, champion feather-weight of Delaware, and Young McCoy, of Wilmington, a would-be and looking-glass fighter. McCoy had too much fat around his heart. Hanly hit him one of his right-handers and it shook him so that he quit. He has so much fat around his heart that they cannot train off. Though Referee Tony Stalnard, a local fighter, is a good boxer he is no referee. They fought two rounds, and McCoy from the opening started the hugging act, and on the opening of the thirteenth round McCoy started his hugging act, when Hanly tried to break, and finding he could not he threw his man over his head, and McCoy quit, and the referee, a friend of McCoy's, decided it a draw.

And now Manager Hart, of the Louisville, has come out in condemnation of the new rules. His team has been playing in California, and he says: "We played recently at Alameda under the new rules, and the roasting that they got from the spectators and the city papers was enough to condemn them forever. I can't see how they are going to improve the game, as there has certainly heretofore been interest in the work of the pitchers. Under these rules the pitcher is the least important player in the team. In fact any person who can take the position required and throw a ball fifty feet can be a first-class pitcher under the new code. The rules might just as well be two strikes and three balls, as all prior to these are wasted. Fouts and Morris simply tossed the ball up where the batters could not help but hit it—as ball players say, they laid it on the bat. If the ball happens to be hit at a fielder, it is an out or an error; if it happens to go away from a fielder it's a hit, so the whole thing simmers down to a matter of luck. Instead of improving base running they ruin it, as anybody can take a base, as the pitcher cannot throw a man out, and it will seldom require a slide at second."

At Billings, Montana, on March 19, Jack Thompson, the champion boxer of W. T., and Dan McGinley of Billings met with gloves in the arena. Thompson had agreed to knock McGinley out in eight three-minute rounds for \$100 and 65 per cent. of the gate receipts, but he didn't. The Billings man came up to the scratch every round, fresh and confident. He landed his right on Thompson's northeast cheek bone with commendable regularity, and succeeded in closing that gentleman's right eye. At the end of the 8 rounds McGinley was still on hand to be knocked out, and was the fresher man of the two. He accordingly took the stakes and the lion's share of the receipts. Prior to the glove contest Miss Mollie Dalton, the champion lady club swinger of Montana, was given the stage, and her club swinging was pronounced the most masterly performance of the kind ever given in Billings. Miss Dalton is an artist of extraordinary merit, and in her manipulation of the clubs to slow music, seemed the very incarnation of grace. Sam Danbar and Jesse Owen then put on the gloves for three rounds, and showed themselves to be no strangers to the noble art.

The following explains itself: EVANSTON, Wyoming, March 14, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor: Sir: In looking through your valuable paper I saw a challenge from John P. Clow, holder of the "Police Gazette" medal for the championship of Colorado and the West, where he challenges any 160 pound man, Jack Dempsey preferred. Now, I don't see why Dempsey would not fight Clow, as the Colorado champion has as good a reputation as any one, and most all his fights have been to a finish. In regard to the weight Dempsey can't find any fault, as Clow is no heavier than Mitchell, Burke or McCaffrey. I would like to see a match arranged between these two men. I would think I can go behind Clow and make him whip most any one, for he is a rusher and a stay, and a two handed fighter, and he is a pugilist who will not hippodrome with any one; he fights on his merits. He can get backing in Omaha, where he now is, for \$2,500. When he fought Hynds there was \$20,000 changed hands. Clow knocked all the fight out of Hanley, and the latter's contest, therefore, with "The Marine" for \$500 and the gate receipts has been declared off.

The celebrated imported thoroughbred sire King Ban died at the home of his owner, Major Sarah G. Thomas, on the Russell Cave pike, Lexington, Ky., on March 16, late in the evening. He had been sick only 24 hours with cerebro-spinal meningitis. King Ban was a rich chestnut stallion, 16½ hands high, foaled in 1875, and was by King Tom, dam Atlantis, by Thormanby. As a race horse King Ban was not successful. He ran once as a two-year old in England, being second for the Granby stakes. At three he ran twice, unplaced, in the Craven stakes and second for the Coffee Room stakes. As a sire, however, King Ban did well. His get since 1882 have won \$114,000. Last year his get started in 230 races, winning \$46,415. His best son last season was King Fox, the full brother of Ban Fox, a phenomenally good racer, winner of the Flatbush stakes, seven furlongs, in 1:27½ and the Great Eastern handicap, six furlongs, in 1:15, when carrying 125 pounds, from a very strong field of fifteen. His untimely death last fall cut short what promised to be a remarkable career. Among the most prominent of King Ban's progeny are Punster, Queen Ban, Ada Ban, Violator, Pike's Pride, Rosary, Gold Ban, Highlight, Banona, Transcend, Old Lis, Hogaras, Safe Ban, Gold Ban and King Robin. Major Thomas had been offered \$25,000 for King Ban.

The following is a sample of two dozen letters that have been received at this office about the way Jack Williams' backer to name the place, furnish the gloves and referee. So surprised were they when seeing the Spider face Williams said: that was prayed for was to have darkness and get a draw. Spider was fully 8 pounds heavier than Williams, and 2½ inches taller and a much longer reach. The report of the Spider's lame hand and fighting with his right is all false. He not only used it as well as his left, but was continually hitting Williams. Williams can whip Spider. Spider can whip Murphy. But no one must think they can whip the Spider while he is in the hands of the backers he now is, unless the party want to consider they are having one hundred to one the worst of it before the start. The best a man can get will be a draw. Weir's second was the only newspaper representative present, so draw your own conclusion of the truth of the report of the fight. Best assured that the papers all had bogus reports.

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—I was a witness to the Spider and Williams fight, and with pleasure enclose what was in the Globe of this date. There never was a more wholesale robbery. Not only does Williams say that what is true, but more can be said in his behalf. The fight was for only nine on a side to present, Williams being backed by young business men members of the Athenaeum, who were to stand all losses and give him the winnings. Williams, you know, is instructor at the Athenaeum. Weir's backer also seconded him. Capt. A. W. Schook was stakeholder, timekeeper and referee. Al Smith would have been referee had the fight taken place as first intended. Joe Lannon agreed to act, but did not show up, owing to his condition from meeting Kilrain, and as the match was for so small a stake and all with friends, Schook was selected referee. Of the eighteen present there were only three alleged sporting men, viz., Tom Evans, Capt. Schook and Dave Blanchard, the latter's sympathy being with Williams. So confident were the Spider's backers that he allowed Williams' backer to name the place, furnish the gloves and referee. So surprised were they when seeing the Spider face Williams said: that was prayed for was to have darkness and get a draw. Spider was fully 8 pounds heavier than Williams, and 2½ inches taller and a much longer reach. The report of the Spider's lame hand and fighting with his right is all false. He not only used it as well as his left, but was continually hitting Williams. Williams can whip Spider. Spider can whip Murphy. But no one must think they can whip the Spider while he is in the hands of the backers he now is, unless the party want to consider they are having one hundred to one the worst of it before the start. The best a man can get will be a draw. Weir's second was the only newspaper representative present, so draw your own conclusion of the truth of the report of the fight. Best assured that the papers all had bogus reports.

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J. B. Downey.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have been informed that Tim Collins, the famous English pugilist, who in 1871 fought Billy Edwards at East New York for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship, is still an inmate of the Northampton, Mass., insane asylum. Collins came to this country in 1868 with a great fight record, and if he had left the bottle alone he would not be in a lunatic asylum.

We have received several communications, from time to time, for a record of Collins' battles, and as a matter of news we publish it.

Collins was born on Dec. 26, 1845, at Blackpool, Cork, Ireland. He was employed by Ben Caunt, one of the long line of English champions, and learned to box at his sporting drum in St. Martin's Lane, London. Collins stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and when he was only 14 years of age he entered the ring and defeated Pickett after a game battle, which Pickett says lasted 1 hour 30 minutes; Jesse Hutton's Spider in 1 hour 30 minutes, Tim proving there was no flies about him, and pocketing the "tenner" at issue. The Blackpool boxer succeeded in placing Cronin hors du combat for a ten-spot in just 2 hours. Bob Daekem next tackled Collins, and the result was a draw after milling 2 hours 4 minutes.

The above battles being gotten up impromptu, no accounts further than we have given have been preserved. Daekem is the same party who fought Billy Hawkes, Tom Porter, Jimmy Skipton, alias Stiff "un, and Jack Parton.

Jerry Hawkes, one of the noted Hawkes' brothers, known as "The Nonpareil of the Surreys," was selected as the likeliest of the little "uns of the London school to lower the colors of Collins. Hawkes was backed from Bill Tupper's, "The Greyhound," Waterloo road, London, and Bob Travers backed Collins. Patsy Beardon trained Hawkes, who stood 5 feet 5½ inches and was then 23 years of age. Travers looked after Collins' preparatory exercises.

At 6 A. M. on Nov. 17, 1868, the start was made from one of the London railway stations, and after a six hours' trip a bit of favorable turf was found and a ring pitched, with Hawkes, who had then fought Owens, Morris and Morse, the favorite at 6 to 4.

Hawkes, for his height, was rather long and lathy, of the greyhound type, while Collins was broad, thick-set and had strong timber for one of his weight. "He seemed about" for a short time, trying to get on the long-armed Lambeth boy's ribs, but Hawkes was as quick as a flash, and in a very short time had Collins bleeding from his mouth with right, and left eye with left dake, which was as small and shapely as a woman's.

The first round was ended with the Londoner the under dog, but not until he had played a revellie all over Collins' face.

Collins repeatedly tried to be on at the body with his left and made many upper cuts at his livelier adversary, getting pinked and pinked again, until Collins' eyes, nose and mouth were all bleeding at one time. He fell in the fifth, and in the sixth was thrown, being very wild and misjudging in his attempt at deliveries.

In the eighth, Collins, like a good game 'un that he was, bunched in and gave Hawkes one on the throat and another on the mouth; but they had little sting in them, and he was forced for his assurance, Hawkes taking five to one that he won without a black eye.

Although Hawkes had but one hand to work with, his left having now become entirely useless for hitting purposes, Hawkes kept the whip hand all through, Collins showing a superabundance of pluck and stamina, but little of that which counts better than all-first-class science.

Collins continued to struggle desperately for a turn of the tide until the twenty-second round, when, after fighting 3 hours 10 minutes, the sponge was thrown up from Collins' corner, and Jerry Hawkes, with not so much even as a black eye, was hailed the conqueror.

Hawkes' last fight was with Jack Lead, one of Jim Mac's school, and he died in London October 8, 1879, aged thirty-eight.

Seventeen months elapsed before Collins again entered the arena. He was then matched against Bob Furse, a pugilistic star who was shining brightly through his determined goes with Ted Napper and Abe Hickson, and of whom Timothy got somewhat jealous. Things were soon brought to a head between Collins and Furse, and articles were signed for them to fight in the London district for £25 a side, at 116 pounds, on April 13, 1868.

Bob's birthplace was Stepney, Nov. 11, 1842, and his stature 5 feet 5½ inches. Joe Goss' brother-in-law, Tom Atkins, trained Furse with Callaghan's experience as an effect in bringing Collins to the mark.

The battle was fought in Surrey. Only three rounds were fought. Furse twirling Collins down in the first, and a summary stop was put to it by the police. Time, 19½ minutes.

A round and a half had been worried through in the second ring when the owner of the ground drove up to the crowd on horseback and ordered them to clear out. His orders were received with leers and laughter, and he had the pleasure of seeing his countryman draw blood from Collins' mouth with the left in the sixth round, when the police again arrived, and they were driven off in the tenth round, after 34½ minutes, and finding the M. P.'s were determined to prevent the mill they concluded to return to London.

The men faced each other again on April 15, when, after 9 rounds in 33 minutes, the police were on hand again, and, upon the first day, were compelled to go farther on, and 47 more rounds in 1 hour 44 minutes were got over with, and the annoying blue bottles showed up again, their vigilance being especially obnoxious to the managers of the affair, who said they might have saved money by fighting in a sparring room in the heart of the city.

In ring the third, after fighting three tedious rounds, Collins found he had undertaken a harder job than he could finish, and coolly acknowledged he could fight no more.

Collins' next battle occurred on April 10, 1866, when he was matched to fight Joe Bent, a son of Mickey Bent, of Leicester, who stood 5 feet 4½ inches, for £25 a side, Collins being backed from Nat Langham's. They were originally confined to 116 pounds, but as Collins couldn't get there it was agreed to have a go at catch weight, and each weighed about 121 pounds.

The excursion from London was by rail and water, and the site selected about 3 hours' journey from the metropolis, the ring being pitched by Tom Oliver's son, Fred, and Fuzzy White.

Ned Donnelly and Job Cobley went into the ring behind Bent, and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and George Isles seconded Collins. Betting, 6 to 4 on the novice, and the ructions began at 9:40 A. M.

Bent gained first blood in the first round, but he retaliated in the third by drawing the cork from Bent's snapper and raising a mouse on his right eye, and threw him down into the bargain.

In the fifth the betting changed to 6 to 4 on Collins,

who was very gay, full of guff, and planted four times in succession on the somewhat fleshy mug of young Bent, both rolling down together at the finish.

There was a little turn in favor of the novice in the eighth, by his tossing the experienced Collins off the breast amid cheers from Bent's side of the ring. Collins stirred his stumps a little in the next, and after passing Bent on various parts of his fat head swung him head over heels.

The battle continued on pretty much the same way until 3 hours and 16 minutes had elapsed, when a policeman made his appearance and ordered them to move on.

When they entered the second ring Bent's father tried to coax Collins' backers into a draw, but, as the latter was scarcely marked and the other all over bruises, they rejected the overture, unless Collins got all the blunt. After an unsuccessful series of attempts to stem the current, which was strong against him, Jack Hicks, who had taken Cobley's place, shielded the signal of defeat, and Collins was hailed the conqueror after eighty-seven gallant rounds, in 3 hours 29 minutes.

Collins showed off better in this contest than any of the previous ones, taking a decided lead and maintaining it throughout, and was probably never in better condition before or since.

Jimmy Rawling, who fought Buff, Jack Duffin and George Flecher, was Collins' next victim, Timothy disposing of him in twenty-one rounds, lasting 1 hour 4 minutes, near London, May 20, 1868, for £20.

Bill Gillam, of Brighton, who figured in ten regular battles, and was considered as being put on the shelf, had a growl with Collins at the Reading races, and the betting men, as usual, from the earliest times, liking to see a variety of sport, clipped in for ten shillings, when Collins beat the veteran, who was then thirty-five, stood 5 feet 5 inches, in fifteen rounds, lasting 30 minutes, but Gillam said:

"I can't understand it, nor know—There must have been a summit wrong, for I'll be 'anged if he could do it again."

They saw each other later on the same day for another purse given by the racing men, and this time the saucy Gillam was done up in ten rounds and 25 minutes. These two glorious events for Collins took place June 15, 1868, being only sixteen days after his battle with Rawling.

After Collins' victory over Gillam he decided to come to this country, and on his arrival he was made quite a hero. He lost no time in trying to arrange a match after his arrival, and he issued a challenge to fight Billy Edwards, who was then the light-weight champion of America, at 124 pounds, for \$1,000 a side.

Edwards accepted the challenge and the match was arranged. Edwards had twice beaten Sam Collier, and at that time was twenty-seven years of age and stood 5 feet 5½ inches in height. Great interest was manifested over the match.

The battle was fought at East New York, L. I., on May 25, 1871. George Seddons, the well-known pugilist of Leicester, Eng., and Orway Geoghegan seconded Collins, while Bob Smith, of Liverpool, the well-known trainer and boxer, attended Edwards, with Hugh, better known as Butte Riley, and George Leese, better known as Snakehead, was referee.

Edwards gained the first knock-down in the first, sending Collins off his pins in the next, while Tim was awarded first fall in the third, in which round Billy severely injured his left manly, rendering it almost useless. After the fifth round Edwards was down nearly every time, being either thrown, knocked down or going down to avoid.

Edwards took the lead in nearly every round until the end of the ninety-fifth, when 2 hours 15 minutes had been consumed, and owing to the darkness Snakehead ordered it discontinued, to be renewed the next day.

Both principals, however, were arrested by Detectives Heidelberg and Dunn, and on May 27 were sentenced by Judge Dowling to one year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island. In December of the same year they were released on a writ procured by Howe & Hummel, the famous criminal lawyers.

Tom McAlpine, who was Collins' umpire, was also sent to the island, but escaped by swimming across the river.

Collins was with Felix Larkin, the backer of Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, the night Larkin, with the two O'Days, invaded a coffee and cake saloon in the Eighth Ward, New York, and raised a row with James Campbell, the proprietor, and was stabbed seven times fatally.

The rival female rifle shots, Miss Jennie Moore, better known as Madame Franklin, now the wife of W. B. Kennedy, Lillian Smith and Miss Annie Oakley are all in this city battling about who is the best marksman, and shooting at each other with pen, ink, paper and their tongues in a lively manner.

Wm. B. Kennedy claims that his wife can beat the world, and offers to match her to shoot against either Miss Lillian Smith or Miss Annie Oakley, but there is little prospect of a match, for outside of Miss Annie Oakley there is no one who would dare put up money to shoot against Lillian Smith, who is, with the exception of Miss Annie Oakley, the premier with a rifle, and no challenge or statement published or made by any other female rifle shot or her agent can injure or affect the feats and performances that have been accomplished by either Miss Lillian Smith or Miss Annie Oakley.

Besides, the latter are ready to put up their money that they can defeat any female wing shot in the world.

I never had the least idea that an amateur like Pat Farrell would conquer Dominick McCaffrey.

What a set-back it must have been for the numerous Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh critics, who have been for the past two years writing and furnishing long screeds of the doings of the pugilists, with a great commixture of McCaffrey for a condiment.

Where does "Macon's" musing come in, recently published in the Sun and the Philadelphia News? Why, they prove that he was afflicted with McCaffreyism, and that his judgment of the ability of pugilists amounts to nothing.

I always allowed that McCaffrey was a clever, scientific boxer, and quite gentlemanly; but I could never stand him as second on the pugilistic ladder, and time and again when the scribes, terribly afflicted with the McCaffrey championship mania, have been booming him as the next best man to John L. Sullivan, I published they did not know what they were writing about.

I never even said in these columns that he was in the championship class.

The would-be prize ring prophets who write under nom de plume did claim even that he could whip Sullivan.

Therefore, I do not see that I should wear crape or mourn over McCaffrey's defeat in Philadelphia, which the balance of the know-all prize ring critics who write merely on guess work will be compelled to do.

It has been an open secret for some time past among the intimate friends of Champion John L. Sullivan that the big man is becoming tired of pugilism and wants to get into some other profession for which he believes himself to be especially adapted.

He has easily vanquished every man who has stood before him, and has no further honors to gain in that field. The knocking out of ambitious aspirants to pugilistic fame has become monotonous to John L., and he would fain lay down the gloves for a while and give some other man an opportunity to call himself champion.

LATEST SPORTING.

Mike Lucie of Philadelphia, now at Troy, N. Y., is matched to fight an unknown with skin gloves.

On March 16, Ulster County fowls crowded over Orange County chancellors in a cocking-male at Marlborough, N. Y.

A bill permitting pool selling for a small fine passed the New Jersey Assembly, on March 15, by a vote of 36.

Paddy Ryan is the saw-dust bag of his profession. He is carried about by sluggers to be punched for their exercise.

The new baseball rules say that the home plate must be of rubber. This will make the decisions of the umpire more elastic than ever.

Sullivan continues to receive challenges from various parties who are eager to make a reputation by facing the champion, relying upon the interference of the police to save them from a good drubbing.

The American Association are about to wring an all aged horse into their organization, and to cap the climax they intend handicapping the poor beast with a worn out jockey. Of course we refer to Cleveland and Williams.

Edward Hanlan is stopping at Boston, and training from the Crescent Boat Club house, President Fox having tendered the use of the club boat and boats. Hanlan evidently means to get in the very best possible condition for his coming race. He will use the boat built for him by Blake of Cambridge for practice, and is having two new singles built—one by Blake and one by M. E. Davis of Portland. The presence of Hanlan on the Charles will be a boom for boating in Boston. He will be accompanied in his daily spins by George H. Bosmer, and will make the Parker House his headquarters, as the guest of Mr. Bosmer.

We have received so many letters regarding the new baseball rules that we have decided to publish them with a comprehensive resume showing the points of difference in the old schedule and the new. The title to the new code is as follows: "National Playing Rules of Professional Baseball Clubs." The positions of the first and third bases are changed so as to put the bags entirely on fair ground. Hereafter these bags will be so placed that the foul line will run along the outer side of the bags. This change was made to remove the opportunity for "kicking" as to whether balls knocked down the line passed fair or foul over the bag. The Association rule requiring two balls to be furnished for each game was adopted. The object of this being to save the delay of waiting for the return of a ball knocked out of the grounds or under the seats. The last ball in play at the close of a game is to become the property of the winning club, as a trophy. Hereafter no one except the manager and players in uniform are allowed on the field; even officers of the home clubs are prohibited, except that in case of a disturbance or row, they may go on the grounds to assist in restoring order.

The American Association rules were adopted prohibiting the use of spikes and providing that no less than nine men shall be allowed to play in any championship game. The "high" and "low" ball is abolished, and hereafter there will be but one ball, "a fair ball," which is defined as being a ball delivered over any portion of the plate and anywhere between the knees and shoulder. The object of this change was to make the duties of the umpire more simple and remove the cause for so much kicking as to whether the ball was too low or too high. Since this abolition of the high and low ball gave the pitcher a double amount of territory in which to "work" the batter, and thereby gave him an advantage, it became necessary to equalize matters in some way and give the batter something in return for the privilege of choosing a high or low ball, which had been taken from him, and so he was given an additional strike, four strikes being allowed in place of three. The number of bad balls which gave the batter a base is reduced from six to five, for the reason that the pitcher having a double space to pitch into, he should not require as many chances. By this arrangement, too, the game is neither shortened nor lengthened, the pitcher having exactly the same number of balls to deliver, it being now five and four instead of six and three. The American Association ball rule is adopted bodily with these words added: "And shall include any motion made to deceive a base runner."

There is a new rule defining what is called a "block ball." This provides that when a ball is touched, handled or stopped by any spectator or person not engaged in the game, it is to be declared a block ball, and no one can be put out with it until the ball be first returned to the pitcher in the box. In the meantime the runners are at liberty to run until this is done. A batter securing his base on balls will hereafter be scored a base hit. This is done to stop the practice some pitchers have of giving certain batters whom they fear, a base on balls in preference to allowing them to hit a ball, and thereby injuring the batter's average and not affecting his own. Hereafter he may give the base on balls if he desires, but his average will suffer accordingly. Any obvious attempt to bunt, push or knock the ball foul will be scored a strike. This is to avoid the practice some players have of delaying the game by knocking fouls. The umpire will hereafter be the sole judge of the sickness or injury of any player, and as to whether or not he shall be permitted to withdraw from the game. The Association rules giving choice of innings to home clubs and allowing the home club to say whether (after a rain) the grounds are in fit condition to commence the game, is adopted with the addition that no game shall be begun less than two hours before sunset. A batter is out on the fourth strike, whether the catcher catches the ball or not. This only applies when there is a man on first base, and does not apply then if there are two men out. This is to avoid the disputes which always arise when a double play is made by the catcher by dropping the last strike, as to whether the catcher dropped the ball purposely or accidentally it would be impossible for the umpire to correctly decide in such cases. The Association rule giving a batter his base when his person or clothing be hit by a pitched ball is adopted. Association rules requiring a runner to turn to left after over-running first base has been adopted. If a base-runner in running or sliding to a base accidentally detaches a base from his fastenings, he shall not be put out if he touch the place where the bag should properly be. This rule is made to provide for an accident which frequently occurs in the game. No player is allowed to address the umpire during the game except the captains of the clubs, and they only on the construction or interpretation of a rule. This is to stop kicking and allow no disputing of the umpire's decision. A coach's rule allowing only the base-runner to be addressed, and then only by words of proper caution or warning is adopted. This rule is worded as to prevent the coach from making use of any expressions which in any way reflect upon, or are intended to confuse or embarrass any player in the field. The League rule not allowing over two bases on a fair ball knocked over any fence at a less distance than 210 feet from the home plate is adopted. The umpire cannot hereafter reverse his decision. The system of scoring adopted is exactly that of the Association, except that upon a base on balls a hit and time at the bat are given. Each club shall hereafter be required to present at least one extra man on the field in uniform, and in case a player is injured during the game only a substitute in uniform shall be allowed to take the place of the injured player, the purpose of this being to avoid long waits incident to a change of player. The Association rule declaring a runner out if he interferes with a batted ball, or if he intentionally interferes with a thrown ball, is adopted. The pitcher's box is reduced in size to five and one-half by four feet. The pitcher's rules are in the following words: "The pitcher shall take his position facing the batter, with both feet squarely on the ground, the right foot on the rear lines of the box, his left foot in advance of the right to the left of an imaginary line from his right foot to the center of the home plate. He shall not raise his right foot until in the act of delivering the ball, nor make more than one step in the delivery. He shall hold the ball before delivering fairly in front of his body, and in sight of the umpire. In the case of left-handed pitchers, the words of left and right are to be reversed. When the pitcher feigns to throw the ball to a base, he must resume the position and pause momentarily before delivering the ball to the bat." It will appear that the purpose of this rule is to keep the pitcher in the box, and make any balking so apparent that any one can see it. These are two matters that bring about so much complaint and kicking from players and spectators as to very considerably mar and destroy the pleasure of the game, the rule, as adopted, will eradicate these things and thereby increase the interest in the game accordingly. It will be found that the legislation as regards pitching does not in the least handicap the pitcher. He is not only given double territory in which to place his balls, but he is allowed to choose for himself what kind or style of ball he will deliver. For instance, Ramsey has a drop ball which is almost invincible, but the batters avoided it by calling for a high ball. Under the law now Ramsey can pitch every batter his low ball, and he must strike at it. This gave the pitchers such an undue advantage as to make it necessary to equalize matters by giving the batter something additional, and so the strikes and balls were increased and reduced on each.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

R. A. B. Cadillac, Mich.—February 14, 1884.

Spoar, Philadelphia.—No; Tip, Troy, N. Y.

Z. N. Z. Lynn, Mass.—It is not necessary to spot the ball.

A. B., New York City.—Metropolitan Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. M. Seymour, Ind.—1. He was a stonecutter by trade. 2. No.

E. H. Bradshaw, Shoshone, Idaho.—No; they are not a legal tender.

W. H. Syracuse, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Sullivan never forfeited to any one.

J. P., Pawtucket, R. I.—Yes. 2. No. 3. They are first-class in their class.

M. H. M., Highland Falls, N. Y.—Proprietor, Edgar Bruce; Lessee, Horace Sedger.

J. H. Alton, Ill.—If you can lift the weight you claim you beat the record, but it is very doubtful.

C. S., Jacksonville.—A sprint-runner means a pedestrian who runs a short distance, from 75 to 300 yards.

S. B. W., Chicago.—Send 50 cents for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It will give you all such information.

N. K., Austin, Texas.—1. Richard K. Fox backed Paddy Ryan when he fought John L. Sullivan for \$5,000. 2. No.

A. T., Clinton Park, San Francisco.—James Cooper fought several times in this city, while on a visit to this country.

B. M., Boverdale, Ill.—Jacko, owned by Jas. Shaw, of London, Eng., on May 6, 1882, killed 1,000 rats in less than 1 hour 30 minutes.

C. F. S., Columbia, Conn.—We are unable to inform you on the subject. Apply to Harry Jennings, or someone just as noted, for the information.

C. E., Denver, Col.—It was on Feb. 11, 1882, that Geo. Sutton and Jim Smith fought with gloves for a purse at Casper, Wyo. Sutton won in 7 rounds.

T. J. B., Unadilla, N. Y.—Send 50 cents to this office for the "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the information on sporting records you require.

St. Elmo.—Transpire does not, but perspire has that meaning.

Martin J. Murphy is located at Hot Springs, Ark., and is recovering from his recent attack of sickness.

W. L., Russell, Terrytown, Kan.—There were executed at the Tombs, New York, between the years 1867 and 1873, Jerry O'Brien, on Aug. 2, 1867; John Reynolds, April 8, 1870; John Reed, Aug. 5, 1870; John Thomas, March 10, 1871, and Wm. Foster, March 21, 1873.

C. E. Y., Haddon, Conn.—No; not if the lines are double. If you throw a five on the four and called it nine, your opponent could throw down an ace and call it ten. If you placed a nine on the table and the four and put on your five and called it nine, then no one could build on it.

M. J., Louisville.—The following are the winners of the League since the association was organized:

1874.....Chicago. 1881.....Chicago.

1875.....Boston. 1882.....Boston.

1876.....Boston. 1883.....Boston.

1877.....Providence. 1884.....Providence.

1878.....Chicago. 1885.....Chicago.

1879.....Chicago. 1886.....Chicago.

1880.....Chicago. 1887.....Chicago.

1881.....Chicago. 1888.....Chicago.

1882.....Chicago. 1889.....Chicago.

1883.....Chicago. 1890.....Chicago.

1884.....Chicago. 1891.....Chicago.

1885.....Chicago. 1892.....Chicago.

1886.....Chicago. 1893.....Chicago.

1887.....Chicago. 1894.....Chicago.

1888.....Chicago. 1895.....Chicago.

1889.....Chicago. 1896.....Chicago.

1890.....Chicago. 1897.....Chicago.

1891.....Chicago. 1898.....Chicago.

1892.....Chicago. 1899.....Chicago.

1893.....Chicago. 1900.....Chicago.

1894.....Chicago. 1901.....Chicago.

1895.....Chicago. 1902.....Chicago.

1896.....Chicago. 1903.....Chicago.

1897.....Chicago. 1904.....Chicago.

1898.....Chicago. 1905.....Chicago.

1899.....Chicago. 1906.....Chicago.

1900.....Chicago. 1907.....Chicago.

1901.....Chicago. 1908.....Chicago.

1902.....Chicago. 1909.....Chicago.

1903.....Chicago. 1910.....Chicago.

1904.....Chicago. 1911.....Chicago.

1905.....Chicago. 1912.....Chicago.

1906.....Chicago. 1913.....Chicago.

1907.....Chicago. 1914.....Chicago.

1908.....Chicago. 1915.....Chicago.

1909.....Chicago. 1916.....Chicago.

1910.....Chicago. 1917.....Chicago.

1911.....Chicago. 1918.....Chicago.

1912.....Chicago. 1919.....Chicago.

1913.....Chicago. 1920.....Chicago.

1914.....Chicago. 1921.....Chicago.

1915.....Chicago. 1922.....Chicago.

1916.....Chicago. 1923.....Chicago.

1917.....Chicago. 1924.....Chicago.

1918.....Chicago. 1925.....Chicago.

1919.....Chicago. 1926.....Chicago.

1920.....Chicago. 1927.....Chicago.

1921.....Chicago. 1928.....Chicago.

1922.....Chicago. 1929.....Chicago.

1923.....Chicago. 1930.....Chicago.

1924.....Chicago. 1931.....Chicago.

1925.....Chicago. 1932.....Chicago.

1926.....Chicago. 1933.....Chicago.

1927.....Chicago. 1



BOSTON ASTHETES.

THREE BEANTOWN BELLES VISIT THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAILROAD WRECK
AND COLLECT RELICS.



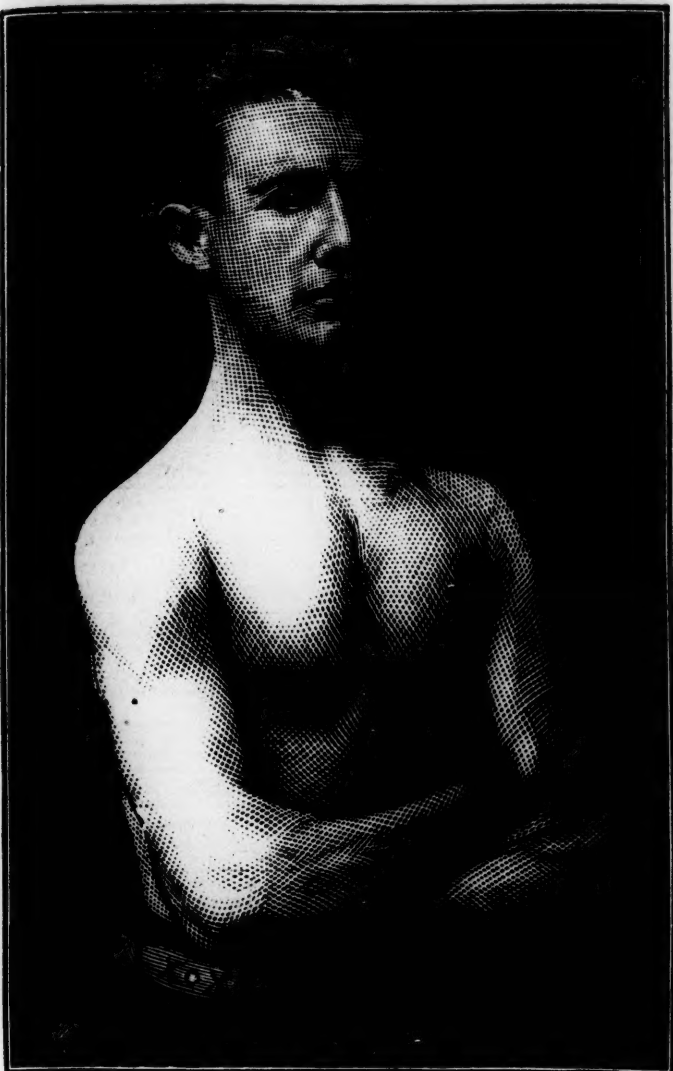
THE CANADIAN STYLE.

HOW A PRETTY WORKER OF DRY GOODS STORES PANNED OUT IN THE HANDS
OF HER SEARCHERS.

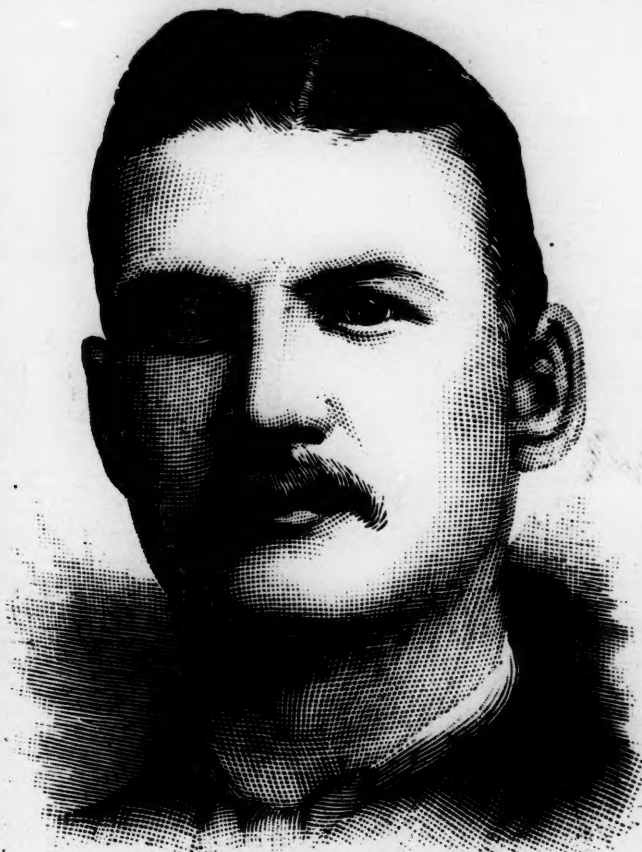


OUT WITH THE BOYS.

A NEW YORK "SAWCY" DAMSEL MAKES UP HER MIND TO SEE THE MUNICIPAL ELEPHANT.



CLARENCE WHISTLER, JR.
THE CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLER.
[Photo by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



JIMMY MITCHELL,
N.W. MATCHED TO FIGHT PADDY SMITH OF BROOKLYN FOR
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT.



ARTHUR CHAMBERS,
A RETIRED CHAMPION FUGILIST AND BACKER OF JIMMY
MITCHELL.



ALFRED SAMUELSON FRANKLIN,
THE CHAMPION SKATER OF NORWAY.



A CHAMPION COLLEY.
BOYBOY, A. K. R. 2,961 PRIZE WINNER AT THE RECENT BUFFALO SHOW.



THE CHAMPION BOBS.
COHOES' JOLLY TOBOGGANING CLUB AND ITS MAMMOTH COASTER RICHARD K. FOX.

PICK DAVIS' MAGNETIC TABLE.

A Piece of Furniture on Which the Owner Won
Thousands Throwing Dice.

A correspondent writes from Hanford, Cal.: For ten years past there has stood in the corner of the billiard room of the principal hotel in this town a rickety old card table. Its worthlessness caused it to remain in the place during the changes of the hotel's many proprietorships. It was a round table covered with an old gray army blanket, tacked to the edge through a long strip of leather. At regular distances were four pieces of tin clumsily nailed down for the players to lay their lighted cigars on. In late years its four rudely made legs were so shaky that no one cared to teeter his chips on the table, and it was chiefly used by the guests to throw their coats and hats on when they went to their meals. For a long time the present proprietor always said when he looked at the table that he "intended to clear it out to-morrow and get a new one," but somehow this was not done until lately; perhaps then only because people began to tear their coats on the nails, and their impromptu remarks on the subject tended to complicate matters.

It was after a double-barrel explosion of this kind the other day that the proprietor told his bartender to cut the cover off the table and make kindling wood of the cursed thing. The bartender whipped out his knife and began to carve the blanket. He had just made one savage slash and had started a second when his knife struck against something metallic. He then ripped the cover off and found a steel plate nine inches long and six inches wide, which was set flush into the table. The plate was about a foot from the edge and pierced with a dozen holes. Every one wondered what it was for, and an old townsman remembered that the table had been brought there from Virginia City years ago, and presumed it was used in the early days to play some kind of cribbage. When the table began to be chopped up a light was thrown on the character of the table; for underneath the top, concealed on a little shelf by one of the legs, were a small battery, coils of wire, and some complicated machinery connected with one of the tin plates. These were covered with rust and dust.

Then the old townsman remembered seeing in the days gone by a man named Pick Davis win \$7,000 at dice on that very table, from a cattle man, in about fifteen seconds, besides picking up sundry thousands and hundreds at other times from those who were gamingly inclined. Two drinks also caused the old townsman to suddenly recollect that Davis came down to Muncie Slough—as Hanford was called then—from Virginia City with a big reputation as a "dip checker," and the boys came in from far and near to buck him. It was said that Davis had won over \$100,000 at dice in the mines, where he was called "lucky Pick." As he was not found out in his play he is alive to day, but he has changed his name and owns a big ranch in the San Joaquin valley. So it is seen that one way to wealth and respectability has been for a "sure thing man," in the discovery of a magnetic outfit, to do up people with dice, and not to get caught because he got in his work single handed.

THE NUMBER OF JEWS IN THE WORLD.

Concerning the figures of the entire Jewish population on the globe there is a difference of opinion among the statisticians, but the "Hebrew Annual" declares that France contains 600,000; Germany 502,000; of whom 20,000 inhabit Alsace and Lorraine; Austria-Hungary, 1,644,000, of whom 600,000 are in Galicia and 600,000 in Hungary; Italy, 40,000; Netherlands, 32,000; Roumania, 265,000; Russia, 2,553,000; Rumania Poland, 700,000; Turkey, 105,000; Belgium, 3,000; Bulgaria, 40,000; Switzerland, 7,000; Denmark, 4,000; Spain, 2,000; Gibraltar, 1,500; Greece, 3,000; Serbia, 3,500; Sweden, 3,000.

In Asia there are 300,000 of the race; Turkey in Asia has 195,000, of whom 25,000 are in Palestine, 47,000 are in Russia Asia, 13,000 in Persia, 14,000 in Central Asia, 1,900 in India, and 1,000 in China. In Africa 8,000 Jews live in Egypt, 35,000 in Tunisia, 35,000 in Algeria, 60,000 in Morocco, 6,000 in Tripoli, 200,000 in Abyssinia.

America counts 220,000 among her citizens, and 20,000 more are distributed in other sections of the transatlantic continent; while only 12,000 are scattered through Oceania. In short, the entire total of the Jewish race on the surface of the globe is estimated at 4,500,000.

LAWLESSNESS ON THE BORDER.

Our correspondent, writing from Brownsville, Tex., March 18, says: Sunday last Castillo Lozales, a butcher, was arrested on a charge of fighting, he having two slight knife wounds in his breast. After some trouble it was discovered that his assailant, Jose Lopez, had disappeared. Active search had been made on both sides of the river for Lopez, who was discovered in an abandoned hut in the chaparral above town, horribly beaten about the head and cut by knives. He says he was enticed out from the city Saturday night by Castillo, into the bush, and there they were met by three men and another disguised as a woman. That they got him drunk and then set on and beat him, leaving him for dead, but that he came to and crept to the hut, where he has been concealed. He is being kept shady, and Sheriff Brito is making every effort to capture the murderous gang.

KILLED IN HIS BUGGY.

Our correspondent writes from Wichita, Falls, Tex., March 18: News has reached this city to-day of a foul murder which occurred near the little town of Seymour, Baylor county. Mr. T. Turner and Mr. Sam Lazarus, two prominent stockmen of Knox county, were driving to Seymour from their Knox county ranches, when they were waylaid about three miles from the former place about eight o'clock in the evening by three unknown men and Turner was almost instantly killed.

Mr. Lazarus, who escaped as by a miracle, says that he and Mr. Turner were driving quietly in their buggy, when three men rode up on the right side of the vehicle, and drawing their weapons shot Turner. Lazarus then lashed the horses and dashed up the road, the three men following them and firing rapidly.

The jerking of the buggy soon threw the dead body of Turner into the road. As soon as this was discovered the murderers, after following the team some distance, gave up the pursuit. Lazarus then continued on his way until he reached Seymour, when it was found that both the horses had been shot and the body of the carriage fairly riddled with bullets. The body

of Turner was soon afterward found, shot in three places.

The murderers are supposed to be a brother and two of the confederates of Booth Brooke, who is in jail in Seymour on the charge of stealing cattle. Turner was the principal witness for the State against him, and it is believed that he was murdered for the purpose of suppressing his testimony. At this date no clue has been discovered as to the assassins.

ALL RIKER'S PREPARATIONS

Are sold under the guarantee that if not found entirely satisfactory in every respect, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Which of the PATENT NOSTRUMS can be purchased on such terms? Where can you buy anything with such a privilege? RIKER & SON, 353 Sixth Avenue, near Twenty-second Street, where they have been established for 40 years, are the most reliable druggists and manufacturing chemists in the United States.

CURE FOR THE DRAPE

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HUSCO, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

RIKER'S TRIPLE EXTRACTS

Are nearly double the strength of any imported or domestic. 1/4 oz. bottle, 75c. 4 oz. bottle, \$1.25; 8 oz. bottle, \$2.15. RIKER'S, 353 Sixth Avenue, one door south of Twenty-second Street.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident that agents can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission on and after April 1, will be reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after that date.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher Police Gazette,
New York.

March 1, 1897.

STONY CREEK, Conn., Aug. 8, 1896.

MR. RIKER: After using one bottle of your COMPOUND NERVE-PAIN-EXPELLER I found it just the thing for me, and I would like you to send me two more bottles. Send them C. O. D. at once, if you please, and oblige. Yours respy.

W. HAYNES, Box 46.

LITTLE BROWN JUG WATCH CHARM.

Ready to attach to chain. It catches the boys, and it catches the girls. Send 10c. to A. MANDEL, 55 Lake Street, Chicago.

TO ADVERTISERS.

MAHLEN BROS. Underwear Manufacturers, 505 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, March 18, 1897.

GAZETTE pans out better now than when we started three years ago. We shall not miss a week this year. Yours truly, MAHLEN BROS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the Police Gazette at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers. Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the flap, in addition to the advertiser's address. Postage stamps are usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so inclosed are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; Or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Day Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Paris. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brown, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cupid's Rites; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal passions, passions and jealousy.

Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.

Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heavens Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the sad fate of California.

Guinea's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guinea's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Ren Romance of Crime.

Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Maillie Unmasked or the Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Infamy an Estate for Murder.

Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles. Suicide's Cranks, or the Characteristics of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea. SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England. John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman. John C. Hennessy, with all his Battles.

Tux Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England. Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CURE FOR GONORRHOEA, GLEET AND ALL DISCHARGES OF THE URINARY ORGANS. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud send that each package has a red stripe across the top of the box, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y.

upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLEN SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 184 West St., New York.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles, Quickly and safely cured by Dr. J. C. Smith's "Quickly" in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Dr. J. C. Smith's. Full directions. Price \$1.00. Half boxes, 50 cents. All druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by Dr. J. C. Smith's "Quickly" in 10 days. Price \$1.00. Half boxes, 50 cents. All druggists.

CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Night of the 'The Pickle,'" "The Married Couple," "Sparkling in the Dark," "The Beautiful Maid and His Experience on His Wedding Night," "How to Do It," and five others equally rich 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (35) Genuine Transparent Cards! with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Full Mail Gazette Exposure, in book form; just published, 32 pages, 100 illustrations, 10 cents. Gent's! For your girls! Curious teasing love letters; read two different ways! 100 tricks, 25c. All of the above complete for a \$1 bill. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

YOU can win as often as you please with my Marked Cards. Quickly learned. Sample pack with full directions, 100 tricks, 25c. H. M. RICHARDS, Lock Box 1, Bridgewater, Mass.

She Got there, 10c. The Wedding Night, 10c. More than He Could Stand, 10c. Next Day, 10c. Romance of a Night, 10c. With Photo, 10c. The lot, 50c. P. A. NOVELTY CO., Box 129, Philadelphia, Pa.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

If you want the rules of any short-cut, buy THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION for 10c. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door, 10c. 100 tricks, 25c. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

TRICKS! Cards for performing 100 tricks, 25c. VALLEY CARD CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED:

WE WILL PAY a salary of \$95 per month for a man to travel and sell our goods to druggists, at home or to travel, or \$40 a month to distribute circulars in your vicinity. All expenses advanced. Salary promptly paid. Agents sample case of goods FREE. No stamps necessary. We have what we want. Write to us. MONARCH NOVELTY CO., Limited, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Records of Pedestrianism, Bicycle, Rifle Shooting, Pigeon and Glass Ball Shooting, Rowing and Prize Fling. All in THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION, 10c. Price 25 cents. For sale at all News Stands.

\$5 a day. Samples worth \$100, FREE. Lines hot under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. A dress or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outh worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

MEN wanted to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. \$50 a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, 65 E.

Counterfeit Money, no any, (1) sample (fine paper), 10c. Supply Co., Drawer K, Albany, N. Y.

Counterfeit Money, no any, (1) sample for inspection, 10c. R. 15 Gibson Ave., Rutland, Vt.

SPORTING GOODS.

FREE IF YOU WANT TO WIN AT CARDS, dice, etc., etc., send for our circulars and price lists, free. JAMES W. LEWIS, Jr., successor to HENRY H. LEWIS, 249 East 35th Street, New York.

How to win at Cards. Dice, etc. A sure thing, free. Send for our circulars and price lists, free. Wm. SUTHER, 45 & 47 Nassau St., New York.

Sporting Goods. Boxing Gloves, Hill's English Running Shoes, Theatrical, Hunting, Athletic and Gymnasium shoes (Guns, Revolvers, Rifles, etc., of all kinds; Reath's Baseball Book. Illustrated Books, etc. Send for in stamps for large illustrated catalogue and price list. W. H. ROBERTSON, 286 Broadway, N. Y.

For Portraits of all the Champions ask your newsdealer for "THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION" for 10c. Price 25 cents. The only authentic record of all sporting events in America.

Sexual Power recovered permanently; use our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, post paid. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 200 " "

Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. RIGHT WORDS AVER-AGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Stage King Photographer, 28 Bowry, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan, John Teemer, Jim Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

Get the set of four pretty French girls, highly colored and in interesting positions; 15c. Sample set of six pictures in colors; 15c. Genuine French girls; 15c. 2 sets, 25c.; 3 sets, 40c.; 4 sets, 55c. Every picture different. ART AGENT, 18 Liberty St., New York.

NO TIGHTS. FEMALES. Cabinet Photos from life. Put \$1 bill in common letter, for set of 4, and 1 woman and man (together), sealed. PARK CITY ART CO., Chicago, Ill.

BY "THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION" for 1897. All the fast running and trotting records sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

PRIVATE and room Photos, best old time! 10c. Different, sealed. Address, Western Art House, Chicago.

John L. Sullivan, Ryan, Mitchell and Hanlan; 4 Cabinet Photographs, 25c. McGILL, 34 Henry St., New York.

PHOTOS for girls only (in the set) 2 for 10c. 12 sets, 25c. Cabinet size 2 for 10c. 12 sets, 25c. Magn. Beyeler, 10c. Box 73, Northford, Conn.

32 PHOTOS, Cabinets—Women and actresses. No rights. Darlings; sent to any address. 25c. stamps. R. A. JOHNS, 604 8th Ave., N. Y.

36 PHOTOS, Cabinets and Cartes, extremely fine, women, no rights, sealed, 25c. UNIQUE ART CO., 109 4th Ave., N. Y.

36 PHOTOS, Cabinets, ladies, (in-stantaneous), no rights, 25c. STAR NOVELTY CO., Box 174, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Full View! No Tights! 10c. silver 3, 25c. sealed. DRAWER 130, Foxboro, Mass.

RICH Photos for girls only. Extra to suit; 40 for 10c. 120 for 25c. cat. 2c. (1 Agency, Orleans, Ind.)

IN THE ACT A set of 8 rotating photos (different positions) 25c. Box 54, Carrollton, Mo.

At Studios in colors. New and nice, 25c. only 10c.; 4 different, 25c. ART AGENT, Plainfield, N. J.

Photos for girls only: 30 for 10c.; 60 for 25c., with large catalogue. Tourist & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

My Photographs (one, (light), one (no light), sealed, 20c. Miss Eva Porter, Greenpoint, L. I.

TOILET ARTICLES.

HAIR REMOVED! From any part of the body in 8 minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S DEFLATORY POWDER. Mailed, (securely sealed), for 25c. Sealed Pamphlet FREE. Prepayable at all Druggists. Ask for it. Don't get the cheap imitations. S. C. UPHAM, P. O. Box 1297, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE. From Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Red Patches, and all discolored skin, without injury, and imparting to the skin purity and velvety softness. Send by mail any part of the world for 25c. The W. H. MILLER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Certain Parts of the Body Enlarged. On receipt of \$1.00 I will send a pamphlet, also 4 ST. ANTHONY'S ointment if directions are followed, and the parts are not enlarged, developed and strengthened (either sex) return the guarantee, and I will refund \$1.00. Address G. Yates, Box 252, Jersey City, N. J.

SAFETY RAZORS. Every man his own Barber. You can shave in the dark; impossible to cut one's face; requires no practice. Price by mail \$2. W. H. ROBERTSON, 298 B'way, N. Y.

Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections. F and treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages. Dr. WOODBURY, 87 Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Estab'd 1870.

Youthful Vigor restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

HEAVY MUSTACHES in 30 days guaranteed. \$1 also 25c.; 4 packages, 50c. L. HENRY, 509 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY.

An entirely new invention, which no gentleman, married or single, should be without a single day. 25 cents, three for 50 cents.

Maid's Confession and photo, 15c.; Maiden's Dream and photo, 15c. Mystic Oracle, (6), 25c.; 4 different, 25c.; all, 50c.

Did I For Love and Five Others, 25c.; The Night Piece and Five Others, 25c.; The First Night, 10c.

All the above goods complete by mail, \$1.00. P. O. Box 245, Jersey City, N. J.

"Jesse's Dream," "Love in Arms," "Fairly Caught," "French Secret," "Katie's Letter," "Naughty Clara," "Gertrude's Dream," "Secret Love," 15c. each; the lot, 50c.

"On Lucy," "Little Sins by Little Sinners," and four others, 25c.

IN THE ACT 100 rare Stage Beauties (cabinet), 25c.; all, 35c.

Full pack (33) Genuine Fancy Transparent Playing Cards, \$1.25; 3 sample cards, 10c.

Daily Songs, with 100 pages of Music with 66 words "All on Account of Eliza," "Dance Me On Your Knee, Darling," "Over the Garden Wall," and sixty-three others equally rich, on receipt of \$1. All of the above Goods complete, \$2.00. NOVELTY AGENT, Nos. 18 & 20 Liberty St., New York.

GIRLS' Bath House. Don't open. "Oh, My!" 25 for 5c. Maiden's Dream, A Beautiful Man's Wedding Night and six similar pieces for 50c. French Developing Secret, 50c. Address GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago.

Results of Errors of Youth completely removed: Health and Manhood restored by the Nervous Debility Pills. Address N. E. Med. Inst., Boston.

SAFE PREVENTATIVE. Circulars, 10c. World Supply Agency, Kansas City, Mo.

Different Ways of Doing It, with Illustrations, sealed, for 25c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

Love Powder Story and many others, 25c. Silent Friend, 5c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago.

JEWELRY.

NEW WATCH! JUST OUT!



The above cut represents my new, low, imitation gold Hunting-Case Watch. The cases are made of a metal that resembles 18K GOLD; they are not polished, but are ENAMELED, and as it is called. They are also artistically engraved. They are finished with the best substitute for genuine gold ever discovered, and even experts are puzzled to tell that they are not GOLD. They have the celebrated anchor lever movement, composition balance, full-jewelled, and have the appearance of a \$75 WATCH. Being accurate time keepers they are suitable for use on railroads, steamers and all other places where a good, serviceable watch is required.

KEY WINDER, as per cut, \$2.50.
 STEM WINDER, as per cut, \$2.50.
 KEY WINDER, full box case, \$7.50.
 STEM WINDER, full box case, \$7.50.

Either of the above watches sent by registered mail, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Or sent C. O. D. upon receipt of \$1, as an evidence of good faith. Send money by post-office money order, registered letter, or deposit it with this paper until you receive the watch. Chains of fine rolled plate at \$1; charms, 50c.

Queen City Supply Agent, Plainfield, N.J.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A GRAND OFFER of cheap reading. The N. Y. "Weekly News," 25 Park Row, every week, gives twelve pages of stories, rating sensational articles, etc., making 64 large newspaper pages in a year. Only One Dollar per annum. For \$1.50 we send a genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary, 1600 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, elegantly bound, and the "Weekly News" one year. Address: N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 276, N. Y.

F. H. BOOK.

I guarantee to send you the old-time F. H. Book, (illustrated with engravings of men and maidens together). If not the original, money returned. Price, \$1.50; also Genuine French Transparent Playing Cards. Warranted richest in the market. Secured views. Nature fully exposed. \$1.25 a pack. Book and cards, \$2. T. DAVIS, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

OLD-TIME SONGS.

Seven early songs, including "Winding Up Her Little Ball of Yarn," "Keyhole in the Door," "Under the Garden Wall," "Boring for Oil," and 3 others too rich to mention. Sent on receipt of 50 cts. T. DAVIS, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

FREE PRESCRIPTIONS are to be found in the "SCIENCE OF HEALTH," for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Dependancy, etc. A copy of this book will be sent free, sealed, Address: SCIENCE OF HEALTH, 136 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAIL OR EXPRESS.

F. H. Book, Fine Steel Engravings, price, \$1.50. Transparent Playing Cards of the F. H. Style, price, \$1.50 per pack. Book and Cards, \$2. I guarantee to send the genuine or money returned.

W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

"FROLICS OF MEN AND MAIDS"

The funniest Book in the market. Illustrated with 42 full-page Spicy Colored Engravings, showing men and women in R. H. Scenes. I guarantee to send the Genuine Book or return money. Price \$1.00. T. VANWYCK, Box 18, No. 34 Church St., N. Y.

LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations, and discoveries for married or single. Securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This remarkable book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED. A Book of Nature, a MARRIAGE GUIDE, Private Guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS) Birds, Herbs, Wholes, and relations of Sexes. Send \$1. Bill to PAUL LEE & CO. BROOKLYN NEW YORK.

"THE MANUAL" in its 224 pages contains more valuable information than ever before put in book form. A constant companion. It is indispensable. Bound in English cloth. By mail, 50 cents. Address: R. L. WATTS, Prospect, Ohio.

Night emissions, waste in the urine permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

14 SPIRITED PICTURES exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of antics "Before and After Marriage." 10c. ART AGENT, 20 Liberty St., New York.

Fancy Books, etc. Reliable House: catalogue for stamp. T. VANWYCK, 43 & 45 Park Row, N. Y.

Rare Books. Send 2 cent stamp for Catalogue. C. CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1853.

Maud's letter to Jennie one week after her marriage, with others, 30c. Garden City Novelty Co., Chicago

Bar-Keeper's Guide, 50c. Box M, Plainfield, N. J. Catalogue for Stamp. Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

SPORTING.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

At the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the

"POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained FREE on application to RICHARD K. FOX, "Police Gazette" Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Fancy Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together; natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. Guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest Pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12) safely by mail, \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York. Room 15, rear building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients—a rare book—160 pages of fancy reading, choice tid bits and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, for \$1. Mail or express.

T. H. JONES, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time F. H. Book, \$2.50; also the Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack. To prove it, I will send you 10 best samples of the cards; also 10 of the illustrated pages of the F. H. Book on receipt of One Dollar. (Room 2), Old-Time Book Agr., 189 William St., N. Y.

FREE.

For stamped directed envelope. Address, Old Time Book Agent, Room 2, 189 William street, N. Y.



The Magic Revealer. Do you wish to gaze on the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times. Sample, 25c. 3.50c. 7. 11. 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10. well assorted. Money for agents.

The Secrets of Lola Montez.—Complete (pocket edition) plain English. Illus. natural as life. Strictly for bouder reading. By Mail, well sealed, 50c.

Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, pack, \$1.25; 2.50; 5. 4.00; 1 dozen, \$7.00; 4 best samples, 10c.

Ruby Book for Gents, 61 illustrations, 35c.

15 Photographs of 7 female Beauties: In cabinet cards, 25 cents. 5 sets 1 dozen, 1.25, 10.00.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, tawny pocket-sized cards, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Keyhole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at 12 P. M.," "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine," "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under the Garden Wall," sent for 25c; stamps taken. All of the above goods complete for \$1.00.

PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPORTING MEN

A POCKET MUSEUM OF ANATOMY. USEFUL! Great Treasure. Secured only. Full pack, 33 Genuine Transparent Cards. "Hold to Light!" secreted views: male and female; old-timers. Mailed secure, 50c. per pack. 2 packs, 90c.

20 Spicy Photos from nature, pretty French girls rich and rare, in interesting positions, only 25c.

RUBBER ARTICLE for Gents, 25c. each; 3 for 50c. All of the above goods complete for \$1.00.

NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

"A Night Scene," "Did I For Love," "On Lucy," "The Spanish Virgin," "The Night of the 14th," "A Woman's Passion," and three other pieces of poetry, 25c. Sent sealed.

PHOTOS—Male and Female; best old-timers; beauties: 6 for 25c; no two alike.

16 highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 50c.

15 LOVELY WOMEN: 50 TRIOS, 25c.

THE FIRST NIGHT. A one-act play. 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1.

PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1, 191, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROTECTORS. A LONG-HELD WANT SUPPLIED. VERY USEFUL RUBBER ARTICLE: self-adjusting, durable, 2 for 50c. 2 for 50c. material. Sent sealed for 50 cents. 2 for 80 cents.

GENTS 15 cents each; 3 for 50 cts. Send stamps. Protector (ladies) and 3 Sales (gents) for a \$1 bill.

THE IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

RUBBER GOODS. Latest Improved. Gents, 25 cents, 3 for 50. 3 for \$1. Ladies, 50 cents each, 3 for \$1.

Bachelor's Friend, \$1; Old Maid's ditto, \$1; both life size and material. Sent sealed for 50 cents. 2 for 80 cents.

Our new Ticker, 25c., and Silent Assistant, 50c., are sure to give satisfaction. Magic Invigorator, \$1. worth \$2. Secure from observation.

J. W. FRANCIS, Box 5150, Boston, Mass.

GENTS ONLY. Vest-pocket article; very thin, tough and durable; sent in sealed envelope for 30c. Ticker, 30c. AD ounce of Prevention, 30c. Bachelor's Friend, 30c. Ticker, 10c. Rubber for Ladies, 50c. \$1. for a \$1 bill.

GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN GET THEM. Full pack, 33 Genuine Transparent Cards. Hold to light; secreted views; 50c. per pack; 3 for 50c.

20 Spicy Photos from nature, pretty French girls rich and rare, in interesting positions, only 25c. NOVELTY CO., Box 124, Oswego, N. Y.

NO TIGHTS Females, Cabinet size, a 100-page book (for men) free, 50c. for \$1. Send dollar bill in common letter, and address.

PARK CITY PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$25 will start any person in a new business, and which will pay for itself in 30 days every evening. No peddling. "In this out and write at once."

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